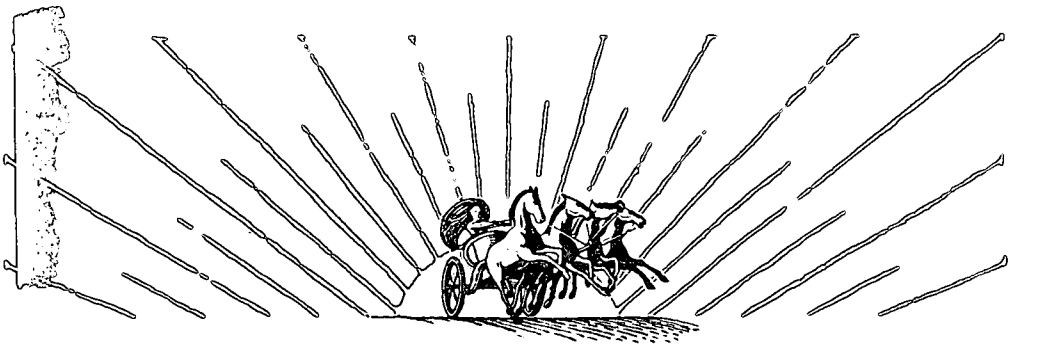

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THE GUIDE POST

COUNT COUDENHOVE-KALERGI is so elated about his Pan-Europa movement, which is at this moment convening in Vienna, that he would be even less disturbed than the average American by Señor de la Rosa's suspicious views of the Pan-American Union. As for the Pan-Asiatic Congress, we are more in the dark about that, but one is inclined to believe what the *Japan Weekly Chronicle* says. All in all, it looks as if movements on such a large scale as any of these three would find the going rather heavy until they are all more plentifully equipped with leaders as brilliant and persevering as the Count himself.

❦ ❦ ❦

Just as the so-called 'Mays' boat races at Cambridge are rowed in the month of June, the *Fortnightly Review* is actually a monthly. A more reliable and unprejudiced account of Vatican diplomacy could not be found than in its nonsectarian columns. We also turn to the British press for a true-to-life picture of Spain to-day. The *Manchester Guardian's* thoroughgoing Liberalism does not harmonize with Primo de Rivera's theories.

❦ ❦ ❦

M. de Teouf is much too good a business man to indulge in the popular French sport of American-baiting. Such articles as his, with the prestige of *La Revue Politique et Parlementaire* behind them, show that there is some interest and respect for American civilization still to be found across the pond. Luciano Magrini is another modern version and fellow countryman of Marco Polo. Tagore's visit to Mussolini, and the latter's gift of Italian books to the poet's library, show that Italy and India are taking notice of each other lately.

❦ ❦ ❦

Milton Waldman is J. C. Squire's right-hand man on the *London Mercury*, which has been running a series of articles on modern American writers. The *Irish Statesman* is also passing judgment on a foreigner, and Mr. Hugh A. Law's sketch of Baldwin is a far more reverent picture of a British Prime Minister than you would have got out of Dublin in the good old days.

Sir Arthur Yapp has just made a Y. M. C. A. tour of inspection of those parts of the world where the white man's burden is heaviest and hottest to bear. Naturally a Conservative organ like the *Daily Telegraph* would be eager to print such an authoritative account of conditions in vital corners of the Empire.

❦ ❦ ❦

Osteopathy does not enjoy the same position in the medical world of England that it does in this country. Wilfrid A. Streeter is an adept at this strenuous art of healing, and his defense of its principles should be quite as interesting to American readers as to English.

❦ ❦ ❦

Massimo Bontempelli would seem to have come under the influence of the cosmopolitan school of fiction writers like Paul Morand. It is even more certain that he has been influenced by his fellow countryman Pirandello, whom an English newspaper man interviews for us. The author of *Six Characters* and other popular plays emjoys a tremendous vogue throughout Europe. One of his plays was recently performed by a French company in Bucharest.

❦ ❦ ❦

Ian Colvin is the most articulate of all English Tories, and that is saying a good deal. His leading editorials in the *Morning Post* are masterpieces of irony, but he sometimes gets so hot under the collar at the very thought of Reds that mere prose cannot express his disgust. He is especially vexed by the Radicalism of the Fabian Society, which has also attracted the scorn of Moscow. An article by Mr. Colvin on the Tories in England appears in the October *Atlantic*.

❦ ❦ ❦

Krokodil is a humorous Russian paper which does not mind making fun of the possibilities of red tape among officious Communists. Horace Vachell is the author of the best schoolboy story, with the exception of *Stalky and Co.*, ever written. But in his memories of Ouida we find him in a very different vein from that in which he wrote *The Hill*.

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THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 331 — *OCTOBER 1, 1926* — NO. 4291

AROUND THE WORLD

THE big autumn event in the international world was Germany's admission to the League, and, unless all prognostics fail, that body will henceforth be a much more powerful factor, in European affairs at least, than hitherto. Germany is expected to use this advantage to press for a reconsideration of several Versailles decisions, especially those affecting the Saar Valley, the Rhineland, the disposition of her former colonies, and the Danzig Corridor. These questions are ticklish, but not in the present state of Europe likely to engender war. Pilsudski is reported to have made overtures to Germany to restore to her the Danzig Corridor in return for a benevolent attitude toward his proposed seizure of Lithuania. If the proposal was really made, Germany promptly rejected it; for Poland's advance would have brought Russia into the fray. League bodies show a growing disposition to act with vigor and independence, even in defiance of the Great Powers. Last month, when Sir Austen Chamberlain, the British Foreign Minister, criticized the Mandates Commission for usurping the functions of the Mandatory Powers, because it insisted on probing minutely into their administration of the territories placed in their keeping, and intimated that it was presuming on the right to govern those territories, the Commission, headed by a Swede and a Dutchman, stuck to its guns, quoted chapter and verse from the Covenant in justification of its action, and insisted upon having the information it demanded. South Africa resents the League's watchfulness over its administration of its mandatory provinces, and France shrinks from too close an inquisition into Syrian conditions.

A Robuster League

Under the Versailles Treaty, the Saar Valley was to be governed in as neutral a way as possible by the League of Nations, with a view to having its ultimate assignment to France and Germany decided by a plebiscite. The League has hardly lived up to the terms of its trust in this matter. We quote the following summary of what has happened there from the *New Statesman:* 'The Governing Commission has from the start been predominantly French, instead of neutral as provided

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by the Treaty of Versailles. The first President was a Frenchman, who appointed his own nephew, M. Morize, as Secretary-General. The second was a Francophil who removed M. Morize but appointed another Frenchman in his place, and M. Morize was made Minister of Finance, Minister of Trade and Industry, Minister of Mines — in short, Minister of almost everything that mattered. Contrary to the Treaty of Versailles, which provides for the German mark being the basis of the currency, the taxes have been deposited in French banks and have suffered severely from the depreciation of the franc, to the benefit of French financiers. The coal also has been sold on a franc instead of a gold basis, which amounts to giving an artificial subvention to French industry. French soldiers are still maintained in the territory, newspapers are censored and suppressed, the reports of the local Advisory Council of the inhabitants are ignored, and so on.'

Irishmen Leaving Home

Ireland's recent census shows a decrease of over five per cent in the population during the last fifteen years. To be sure, this is partly accounted for by losses during the war and civil disorders and by the withdrawal of the British army. Nevertheless, a net decline occurred in the Free State, while a small increase is recorded in Ulster. The urban population has grown, while the rural population has diminished — a change characteristic of most Western nations. This drift to the cities, and from farm work to industrial employment, probably accounts in part for Ulster's increase. While the population of Ireland is given as only four and one-quarter million, forty-three per cent of that number of Irish-born persons live abroad — a larger proportion than of any other nationality. Norway, which ranks next, has less than fifteen per cent. Of these voluntary exiles more than one million reside in the United States and half a million in Great Britain. A Free State Government Commission, presided over by General Richard Mulcahy, has just reported on the status of the Irish language. It finds that only about a quarter of a million people, or less than one in eight, can speak the native tongue, and that the number is steadily decreasing. Even in those remoter districts where the language is still more or less current forty-two per cent of the teachers have no Irish language qualifications, and many others are not competent to teach in that tongue. No class work is done in Irish in any secondary schools. Consequently, according to a press summary of the Report, 'the life of the Irish language is in danger, because there are not enough educated Irish speakers capable of educating the rising generation through the medium of Irish, because there are no prospects for those who are educated through the medium of Irish, because the professional classes will not transact business through the medium of Irish, and, lastly, because economic conditions in the Gaeltacht are such that the young men and women will emigrate if they can.'

Quiet Times in Britain

There is a dearth of political news from Great Britain. During the short meeting of Parliament late in August, called to deal with questions arising out of the coal strike, a better spirit than hitherto showed itself in the debates. Mr. Churchill made a notably conciliatory speech, and is credited with having exhibited a degree of tact and patience in his conference with Messrs. Smith and Cook, the representatives of the miners, that belied his belligerent reputation. This new attitude of Labor and the Government promises

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to facilitate subsequent negotiations, and indicates that the miners are ready to deal on a basis of the Coal Commission's recommendations. The Government obligated itself through Mr. Churchill to push actively measures for a reorganization of the mining industry, but refused to consider a renewal of the subsidy. The recalcitrant parties in the negotiations now are the mine-owners, and they may have receded from their uncompromising position by the time these lines are printed.

The demand that something be done to curtail the power of the trade-unions, which certain Conservative circles are ever putting forward, has grown stronger. Among the points of attack upon those bodies is the alleged disproportion between the benefits they pay and their administration expenses. Mr. Clynes, one of the more prominent men in the Labor Party, has recently come to the defense of his own union of municipal workers, whose operating expenses are among those which seem excessively high, with the statement that none of its officials receives more than ten pounds — or something less than fifty dollars — a week, and that most of them receive about six pounds a week. As we go to press the first reports from the proceedings of the annual Trade-Union Congress come to hand. The president's address shows evidence of a chastened mood compared with the exuberance exhibited at last year's meeting. But it contained a significant passage apropos of the general strike, to the effect that 'the weapon used by the unions last May will not be left unused when it is sought to enforce upon any section of the workers terms which have not been made the subject of negotiations and collective agreement.'

France has surprised her pacifist critics by deciding to reduce the period of compulsory army service to twelve months. This will be partly compensated by relieving the recruits of barrack drudgery, by installing every imaginable labor-saving device for catering, cooking, cleaning clothing, and the like, and employing trained civilians to perform many non-military duties previously thrown upon them. They will thus get as much strictly military training in the shorter period of enlistment as they did before. How men prepared for service by this short cut will do in actual campaigning, is a question still to be answered. Since Parliament has been dispersed the Government has functioned normally, and the franc, while hardly convalescent, has shown no new high temperatures. The *Manchester Guardian* believes there is reason to hope that the worst is over. 'France is not like Germany, even if the franc shows signs of going the way of the mark. Her industry has been continuously prosperous since the war; her economic resources were greatly increased by the treaty; she has had a favorable trade balance most years, and even now, if invisible exports are taken into account, has probably a favorable balance. There is no external pressure upon France, like the pressure to exact an impossible amount in reparations from Germany, to nullify attempts at financial reform. Even if she ratifies the provisional debt settlements, her obligations to make payments abroad will be balanced by her right to receive payments under the Dawes scheme, and in any case are well within her power. Her present difficulties are due not to economic pressure but solely to political weakness.' Some British critics affect to discover signs of dissension in Poincaré's Cabinet. The Premier is represented as personally as hostile to Germany as ever — or at

'Sawing Wood' in France

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least as sufficiently hostile to prevent an amicable understanding between the countries. In this, of course, he is utterly opposed to M. Briand. Syria and Alsace-Lorraine, where there has been some lively rioting between supporters of the autonomist movement and the friends of France, are also expected to sow seeds of dissension within the Ministry. But such gossip is perennial on the boulevards.

Elsewhere on the Continent

Most of the significant news from Germany relates to business. The high taxes levied during the Chancellorship of Dr. Luther produced unexpectedly heavy revenues, which, under the Dawes Plan, obligate Germany to make an additional payment of half a billion gold marks over and above the twelve hundred million regular annuity to the former Allies. Coal mining is booming on the Continent as the result of the British coal strike, and miners' and metal workers' unions in the Ruhr are demanding higher wages. The German dye trust has increased its capital and is adding largely to its plant facilities for making synthetic fertilizers and artificial silk, and — it is rumored — for liquefying coal. Cheering reports come from Poland, where the industrial revival, starting with the recovery of the coal mines, is said to have extended to the depressed textile industries. The political pot is boiling in Czechoslovakia, which has a presidential election next year, and where a little group of superpatriots is said to be intriguing against President Masaryk's moderate policy and Dr. Beneš's efforts to harmonize Europe. Mussolini's campaign of economy in Italy is rumored to have been less successful than was hoped. The lira has recovered a little — but not appreciably — from its downward plunge late in July, but the country's imports are almost double its exports, — the excess of the former being about a billion lire a month, — and the increase in bank note circulation reached three hundred and thirty-four millions during the first five months of the current year. Naturally the cost of living is rising, while wages are very low. In Southern Italy women working in canneries and tobacco factories are paid from sixteen to twenty-two cents for a ten-hour day. Serious rioting between the Fascisti and the military is reported to have occurred in Genoa, where an officer, assaulted by an intoxicated Fascist chieftain in a dispute over saluting, shot and killed his aggressor. Rather curiously, the regular army, which is all-powerful under the Spanish Directory and in Greece, — although the new Greek dictator there professes to be a Socialist, — is rather down and out under Mussolini.

Communist Perplexities

European Communists are divided more widely than ever by doctrinal dissensions, and excommunication is the order of the day. Ruth Fischer, one of the Party's most prominent members in the German Reichstag, has just been ejected from the ranks of the faithful for her attacks upon what she termed 'the new serfdom' established by the Soviet régime in Russia, where she recently made a long visit. Another expelled leader of parts is Ossovski, who has attacked the Communist Party in Russia itself, on the ground that it cannot remain the only legal Party in a country which is not a purely proletarian State. He appeals to the obvious fact that Russia is overwhelmingly a land of freeholding peasants, whatever the theory as to their tenure may be, and that it has numerous industries and mercantile undertakings running on capitalist lines. Therefore, he argues, the political constitution of the country must

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accommodate itself to realities. His solution is to reorganize the Communist Party so that it will represent the nation's different economic interests. His opponents, who still hold the reins of government, denounce these proposals as surrendering the whole idea of proletarian dictatorship in favor of a return to ordinary bourgeois democracy.

Russia's Harvest

Reports as to this year's harvest in Russia are contradictory. The Central Statistical Committee thinks that it will prove smaller than a year ago. On the other hand, the amount of grain brought to market by peasants in the Ukraine has been so large that the Government has not had funds to buy it, and the owners have been obliged to take it back home. Rykov, President of the Council of People's Commissars, stated late in August that the peasantry's demand for industrial products increased by a billion rubles during 1925, and that Russian factories were totally unable to meet this demand. He laid stress on the poor showing made by Soviet workers. More than thirty per cent of those employed are always absent, under the false pretense of sickness, thus imposing an unjustifiable expenditure of hundreds of millions of rubles on the Government's Insurance Department. This, he declared, was one reason for the high prices of manufactures. The Soviet press reports that doctors are intimidated by workers into giving them sick certificates to which they are not entitled. Indeed, several physicians have been brutally assaulted for attempting to do their duty in such cases.

On August 26 the Turkish Tribunal of Independence condemned to death four of the surviving leaders of the Committee on Union and Progress, which overthrew the old Sultan, Abdul Hamid, and set up the first Turkish Republic. This quartette was promptly sent to the gallows at Angora, following the unlucky thirteen who had suffered the same fate at Smyrna somewhat earlier. They were more prominent men, however, and included Javid Bey, reputed to be one of the cleverest financiers modern Turkey has produced. Among the others was Dr. Nazim Bey, who was chiefly responsible for the Armenian massacres, and whom no one outside of his immediate associates is likely to mourn.

Western and Central Asia

Conflicting rumors come from Persia, where the Shah is having difficulties with some of his subjects, repeating the experiences of the Amir of Afghanistan when that sovereign likewise inaugurated a modernizing policy. British dispatches betray distrust of the new course in both countries, whose rulers are suspected, like Feng Yu-hsiang in China, of coquetting with the Soviets. *L'Europe Nouvelle*, however, has a good word to say for Riza Khan Pahlevi, in connection with the recently suppressed Khorosan revolt. 'The Shah first sent troops into the district, who hanged several rebels and restored order. But then he himself followed, and summoned the Governor, whom he immediately had arrested, as well as the military commandant and a dozen colonels, to report upon their conduct. He learned that the common soldiers were going hungry because their officers had embezzled the money sent to purchase provisions for the army, and that they were therefore compelled to live upon the country. He discovered also that only a small fraction of the taxes collected ever reached the public treasury, although these were illegally re-collected several times a year. Such abuses are in accord with Persian tradition. But Riza Khan is not a respecter of ancient cus-

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toms. He had a general house-cleaning in Khorosan, and appointed as its new governor one of the old feudal princes — a move which suggests that he is a good politician as well as an energetic administrator.'

From Angora to Canton the same struggle to equip themselves with the resources — especially the military resources — of Western civilization is agitating the Eastern nations. Even Tibet, one of the last lands of mystery, is fighting a quiet little battle all by itself over this question. China's revolution and civil war have enabled the Tibetans to assert their independence. Several of their leaders, including the Dalai Lama, ventured out of their traditional seclusion during the disturbances attending this change and had an opportunity to see for themselves something of the achievements of modern civilization. Among those deeply impressed by this experience was Sarong Shapé, the country's ablest military leader. He realized, as the Japanese did after Commodore Perry knocked at their doors, that modernization — and first of all a modern military establishment — was the price his country would have to pay for continued independence. Telegraph and telephone lines and an official postal service were established between British India and Lassa, and an army was organized on a British model, uniformed in khaki, armed with the Lee-Enfield rifle, and equipped with machine guns. These forces, commanded by English-instructed officers, wearing Sam Brown belts, and marching to the pipes and drums playing 'The Campbells Are Coming,' looked too much like British penetration to suit the lamas; and when Sarong Shapé planned to conscript the lay brothers of their monasteries for his army, the latter stirred up a revolt. As a result he was deposed, and presumably assassinated. At least he departed to the limbo of the lamas. The new army is said to have been disbanded, its equipment destroyed, and several of its officers executed, leaving the monks in undisputed control of the country as before. They seem determined to revive the old policy of isolation, and are said even to have refused permission for a new Mount Everest expedition to enter the country.

China and Japan

Military and bandit outrages continue in China. The Northern campaign has quieted down since the retreat of Feng's troops from Hankow Pass, but his Cantonese allies have inflicted a heavy defeat on Wu Pei-fu near Hankow. Two brilliant young Chinese journalists have been peremptorily executed for venturing to criticize military outrages, and Chang Tso-lin has visited the same punishment upon several Chinese gentry in Manchuria who were charged with disobedience to his fiscal regulations. A Japanese English-language paper published at Dairen heads its account of the latter execution, 'Butchered Like Dogs,' and this seems a just description of many happenings in China to-day. American and British gunboats have been fired upon, and loss of life inflicted, by the contending armies in the South; but neither London nor Washington is likely to call the offenders sternly to account, because there is no responsible Government with which to deal. Chang Tso-lin, since his recent successes at Peking, has taken a stiffer stand toward the Soviet Government in connection with the joint administration of the Chinese Eastern Railway, and predictions of armed conflict between the two countries are current in that quarter.

Curious vagaries of sentiment are disclosed in Japan by the riots that have attended the enforcement of an

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apparently praiseworthy administrative reform put into effect on the first of last July. This was designed to reduce the cost of government and to simplify the country's political machinery by abolishing or combining a number of local police stations throughout the country. For some inscrutable reason, this measure aroused the ire of the populace, and at Nogano, a provincial town north of Tokyo, a mob stormed the Governor's residence, assaulted that official and left him for dead, and committed other outrages. Similar disorders occurred in many parts of the country. We are left in doubt whether they were inspired by some abnormality in the Japanese character which makes the average citizen dearly love a policeman, or were contrived by the demobilized police themselves, who may have used their authority over the populace to get up a mass protest against changes which they imagined might be prejudicial to their interests.

Dominion Voting

The outcome of the recent voting in both Australia and Canada has been somewhat disappointing to British opinion. Conservatives leaned toward their namesakes in our neighboring Dominion, partly because they considered them more vigorous champions of Imperial unity, and partly because they chance to have the same Party designation. Mr. Bruce's proposal to increase the powers of the Commonwealth Government in Australia was defeated in the recent referendum by a majority of forty or fifty per cent. This victory for States' rights, and incidentally for Labor, though party lines were not closely drawn, was distasteful to London, because Mr. Bruce was trying to justify himself for his drastic suppression of last year's seamen's strike. The *Times* comforted itself with the reflection that the referendum had resulted 'in a victory for States' rights as much or more than for antisocial Labor tendencies,' but it is not so easy to dissociate the two. That paper thought that the operation of the compulsory voting law worked to the disadvantage of the Commonwealth Government, since the average man distrusts constitutional changes and is inclined to let good enough alone.

Nicaragua

The *New Statesman* waxes wroth because our Government has landed American marines on the Nicaraguan coast to protect property and lives threatened by the civil war precipitated in that country by Chamorro's illegal seizure of power. Its indignation is doubtless sincere, as is testified by its denunciations of similar — and perhaps equally beneficent — interventions by the British Government in the affairs of weaker countries. In any case, here is what it has to say upon the subject: 'That country has been virtually a protectorate of the United States since the agreement of 1913, which confirmed the control of the New York bankers over its finances. In 1918 the national expenditures were placed in charge of a High Commission of three, its two American members being appointed by the State Department; and from 1920, when the first large railway loan was floated, the financial dependence of Nicaragua upon Wall Street has been as complete as it could well be. In the meantime Nicaraguan politics have been watched over by the State Department and the United States Minister. Liberal and Radical politicians have at intervals been sternly dealt with, and American marines have not only been within call, but have repeatedly been brought into action. The case of Nicaragua, in short, exhibits the new and thorough imperialism of the United States which is being steadily extended over the American continent. And its history

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during the past twenty years provides abundant evidence of the practical difficulties that lie in the path of a satisfactory Pan-Americanism.'

Bolivia Protests

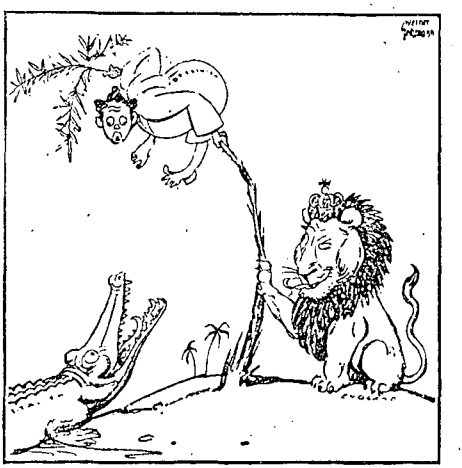
Three Latin-American Powers — Chile, Colombia, and Salvador — have just been elected members of the League Council. Chile's relations with her neighbors on the North continue to be as strained as ever, and do not lie within League jurisdiction. Bolivia is bitterly disappointed because what she considers her legitimate claim to an outlet to the sea has not received consideration in the Tacna-Arica negotiations. Popular demonstrations against Chile have occurred in La Paz, where the Government was forced to take energetic measures to prevent untoward incidents. Bolivia, with territories more extensive than those of Chile, and an historical claim to an outlet on the Pacific, sees all her commerce pass through foreign ports. Since the completion of the recent connection with the Argentine railway system, she has, it is true, three paths of access to the outer world, via Chile, Peru, and Argentina, but she has no corridor of her own to tidewater. A Society of National Propaganda and Defense has been organized in La Paz with a programme that includes the following points: to assert Bolivia's inalienable legal right to access to the sea, based on historical claims; to insist upon absolute sovereignty over a Pacific port and a corridor to it, as distinguished from certain transit and free port privileges which it has been proposed to grant her; and to refuse to purchase her share of the Pacific littoral by territorial compensations or by tariff or railway rates concessions, since it already justly belongs to her.

ABYSSINIA AND THE LEAGUE

League Secretary. 'Why is your protest in French?'

Ras Taffari. 'On account of the author.'

— *Il Travaso*, Rome



British Lion and Italian Crocodile. 'What a silly little tree to climb!'

— *Kladderadutsch*, Berlin

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CONTINENTAL WORLD MOVEMENTS

A POLITICAL TRILOGY

[We combine below three articles, more or less corrective of each other, bearing upon the so-called 'continental leagues' which many would like to see organized, either as part of a reconstituted Federal League of Nations or as independent bodies. The first is by R. N. Coudenhove-Kalergi, the well-known founder and protagonist of the Pan-Europa movement, and was syndicated in several European papers. The second, upon the Panama Congress, is by Diógenes de la Rosa, a vehement anti-Yankee alarmist from Panama. It was printed in the Costa Rican weekly, *Repertorio Americano*, of August 14. The third is a leader from the Kobe *Japan Weekly Chronicle* of August 12.]

I. THREE CONTINENTS GET TOGETHER

History will record 1926 as a decisive year in the annals of the continental movement, just as 1848 was a decisive year in the annals of Europe's nationality movement. Three continental congresses of world significance will have occurred within short intervals of each other — the Pan-American Congress at Panama in June, the Pan-Asiatic Congress at Tokyo in August, and the Pan-European Congress at Vienna in October.

The Pan-American Congress was held to commemorate the one hundredth anniversary of another Pan-American Congress which met in Panama at the instance of Bolivar, the South American liberator, in 1826. The earlier meeting was the positive fulfillment of the negative Monroe Doctrine of that period, by which, two years earlier, the North American Republic had warned European imperialism away from South America. Its purpose was to proclaim Pan-American solidarity and Pan-America's determination to have peace in defiance of the all-powerful Old World. That meeting was not the beginning, but the precursor, of the modern movement of that name which started half a century later and resulted in the organization of the Pan-American Union.

This movement evolved slowly, on account of the relatively sparse population of the American republics, which lessened both their friction areas and their political and cultural contacts. New York is farther from South America than from Europe. The Pan-American Railway, which is designed to connect New York with Buenos Aires, is not yet finished. The United States alone is twice as large as all Pan-Europa. Consequently the principal causes that bid Europe unite were absent in the New World. Nevertheless, the Pan-American ideal of peace and solidarity has during the twentieth century prevented any serious conflict between the American Powers, while Africa, Asia, and Europe have been the scenes of barbarous wars.

This year's Pan-American Congress at Panama adopted resolutions in favor of organizing a Pan-American League of Nations independent of Geneva. Those resolutions were the

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New World's reply to the March session of the League, and to its growing absorption in purely European affairs. They were presented by Ecuador, which has never been a member of the Geneva body. Bolivia was the only country that opposed the motion, while Brazil and the United States, which had already adopted a position with reference to Geneva, refrained from voting. This Congress marked a new step in America's continental emancipation, which started with the refusal of the United States to join the League of Nations and has been emphasized by Brazil's withdrawal from that body.

While the Pan-American movement is distinctly conservative and pacifist, the Pan-Asiastic movement is emphatically nationalist and revolutionary. Its purpose is to liberate the peoples of Asia and to place them on a footing of international equality with Europeans and Americans. Its method is Asiatic solidarity.

Since Asia consists culturally and historically of several continents,—India, Asia Minor, China, Japan, and Asiatic Russia,— a Pan-Asiatic movement did not start spontaneously, but is the result of white aggression. The first premonition of Pan-Asian solidarity appeared when Japan defeated Russia. This was regarded as a victory of Asia over Europe, and suddenly made the continent conscious of itself. That feeling grew apace during the Great War, when Europe abdicated her world sovereignty and every European nation appealed to Asiatics to help it fight other Europeans. It has waxed stronger since Western Powers have discriminated against immigrants from Asia, thereby wounding the pride and self-respect of all her peoples.

The greatest champion of the Pan-Asiatic idea was Sun Yat-sen, the liberator of China. His death has been a heavy blow to the movement. Rabindranath Tagore is, in a different way, its steadfast advocate. As a consequence of China's internal dissensions and the death of Sun Yat-sen, the leadership of the movement has passed to Japan, although Russia tried to seize it at the time of her great Pan-Asiatic Congress at Baku.

The first practical expression of this growing continental consciousness is the Pan-Asiatic Congress just held at Tokyo, which has resulted in the organization of a Pan-Asiatic Union. That meeting witnessed violent disputes between Chinese and Japanese, whose rivalry spells the same peril for Pan-Asia as the rivalry between Latins and Anglo-Saxons spells for Pan-America, and as that between Germans and French spells for Pan-Europa. But from our remoter and more comprehensive vantage point we recognize the folly of such rivalries, inasmuch as all parties are pursuing a common purpose of supreme importance. This Pan-Asiatic Congress may prove to be an epoch-making event in Asia's history, provided its leaders are wise enough and broad-minded enough to subordinate their differences to the common good, to make haste slowly, and to prepare their peoples wisely and patiently for their coming mission.

Pan-America is conservative; Pan-Asia is revolutionary; Pan-Europa is evolutionary. Our purpose in Europe is gradually to transform our political system into a federal unit. Our method is to examine in detail every political and economic problem bearing upon this object and to mould public opinion, which ultimately dictates European policy.

As an ideal, as a dream of poets and thinkers, Pan-Europa is centuries old; as a political programme and a positive

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movement, it dates from since the World War, from the foundation of the Pan-Europa Union in 1923. Since then an active agitation has developed in every European country in favor of this idea. It has spread among the common people with surprising rapidity. Statesman, writers, and economists of authority already endorse it. Books, pamphlets, and articles dealing with this project are multiplying on every side. The Pan-Europa Union has established branches in a number of countries. Löbe is its leader in Germany, Herriot in France, Seipel in Austria, Schuster in Czechoslovakia, and Destré in Belgium.

This Union is the active agent of the movement, which is laboring to abolish European frontiers. It seeks to do this in three ways — to eliminate strategic frontiers by obligatory arbitration, economic frontiers by a customs union, and national frontiers by the protection of minorities. This threefold programme would guarantee to all Europeans peace, prosperity, and liberty. Pan-Europa has no designs against any other continent. Its enemies are war, misery, and the men whose blindness or egoism impels them to encourage those two enemies of Europe. The first Pan-Europa Congress, which will be held in Vienna from the third to the sixth of October, will be the first great demonstration of our continent's desire for unity. In some respects it is the counterpart of Pan-America and Pan-Asia.

These continental movements embody perils analagous to those which characterized the earlier nationalist movement. They must be on their guard from the outset lest they become agencies of imperialism. Therefore it is desirable for them to evolve inside a larger world-organization, and not to arraign themselves against it. Consequently Geneva is a desirable counterweight. But the League of Nations must accommodate itself to the psychological changes now going on throughout the world, instead of resisting them. It must federalize itself, and in so doing show special consideration for the Great Powers that embrace more than one continent, like the British Empire and the Soviet Union. Only thus can the continental movement promote peace.

II. PANAMA VERSUS PAN-AMERICA

A Pan-American Congress was convened by the Government of Panama to commemorate the Congress held in its present capital one hundred years ago at the instance of Bolivar. The only noble feature of the project was that motive. The ideas in the minds of its organizers, the plans they sought to realize, diverged widely from the ideals of the Great Liberator. Was he Pan-American in the menacing meaning we to-day associate with that word? Certainly he was not, no matter what interpretation we place upon his disputed motive in summoning the Congress. It is unimaginable that a man who had devoted his life to giving national unity to the Latin-American peoples so sadly disintegrated by Spain's colonial feudalism should have contemplated subjecting them to another and equally odious yoke.

Was the Congress of 1826 truly Pan-American? It certainly was, to the extent that it sought to bring together representatives of all the nations of America, including the United States. But its promoter certainly never dreamed of subordinating the recently liberated colonies of Spain to an alien and unnatural sovereignty. He sought rather to enlarge the Colombian Confederation to embrace all the peoples of Spanish and Indian blood in the Western world. Nor was the United States at that time, although it had al-

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ready begun to trace the trajectory of its imperial career, as yet the all-engulfing Power it is to-day.

Consequently the Congress of one hundred years ago was not Pan-American in the sense that we attach to that word. Pan-Americanism is now synonymous with Yankee imperialism. To the Anglo-American plutocracy, to the steel and oil magnates who are the true beneficiaries of Pan-Americanism, all America is the United States. In the same way the whole known world was once Rome to her patrician beneficiaries, but not to the enslaved population of her colonies.

Pan-Americanism, therefore, is a deceptive doctrine. It is purely historical. Fabricated in foreign offices and diplomatic conclaves, it represents no real aspirations of the peoples of America. Nor has it ever, in moments of national peril, assured the geographical integrity or independence of any Ibero-American Power.

Another consideration deprived the Panama Congress of all moral authority. The Government that convened it maintained, and still maintains, a régime of force to stifle a just and well-grounded labor movement. The Panama authorities even called in the armed assistance of the United States to suppress that movement. Yankee soldiers occupied the Capital, pitched their tents in the parks, posted machine guns at the street corners, took forcible possession of private residences and printing offices, bayoneted two workingmen, and acted in every respect as if they were the legal masters of the country. . . .

As was to be expected, therefore, the Panama Congress was merely low comedy. Like the clowns in the back of the stage whom we sometimes see burlesquing the parts of the principal actors, the Latin-American delegates simply caricatured the ideals of the Liberator. Spectators, however, learned two important lessons — the worthlessness of congresses of government delegates, and the falsity of Pan-Americanism, which is not an expression of national fraternity, but a dangerous camouflage for North American imperialism. Did the Congress make an important declaration on any question of vital interest to Indo-America? Not one. It made no effective effort to remove a single obstacle to the union of the Latin races in the New World, of which our working classes and our young intellectuals dream. It contributed not a tittle to elevating materially and morally our pariah multitudes still groveling in agony beneath the weight of a century of pseudo democracy. It made not even a gesture toward abolishing the feudalism that still dominates our political and social institutions. It did nothing whatever to check the steady advance of the all-absorbing Anglo-Saxons. . . .

Except for a few laudatory resolutions in memory of certain men and events, what were the positive achievements of the Congress? A motion was adopted in favor of an American League of Nations, thanks to the untiring and eloquent pleading of its supporters. Another, presented by a Panama lawyer and the representative of Uruguay, declared that the countries of the New World would stand shoulder to shoulder to repel foreign aggression. By whom? Another, moved by the delegate of Mexico, recommended measures to encourage the native race to take a larger part in the civic life and civilization of the day. Mere empty words! Such resolutions attack no actual problem and bear no practical fruits.

On the other hand, consider some of the motions that died of suffocation. They are characteristic of Pan-Americanism under the pontificate of Washington. A rather vague and sentimen-

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tal motion proposed by a delegate from Honduras in favor of the emancipation of Porto Rico was squelched without debate. That was playing false to the memory of Bolivar himself, for the independence of that island was the constant preoccupation of the Great Emancipator. A menacing interrogation by the Yankee delegate promptly obliterated the scandalous suggestion, and, to cap the humiliation, the Government of Honduras instantly cabled canceling its representative's credentials, and removed him from his post in its Foreign Office. A similar fate befell the motion expressing the wish that the United States might exhibit a sentiment of Pan-American fraternity in the treaty it has just concluded, after long and secret negotiations, with Panama. But the most abject humiliation was when, at the request of a delegate from Nicaragua, it was suggested that the headquarters of the Pan-American Union be transferred from Washington to Panama. No one seriously supposed that the proposal would be adopted, and if it had been it would not have weakened in the slightest the control which the Yankees exercise over that organization. But the motion was received by the Panama delegates themselves as if it were a monstrosity, and two of them insisted upon its immediate withdrawal. . . .

This Congress simply reënforced certain well-known facts. The vital interests of Spanish America are absolutely opposed to Pan-Americanism. Furthermore, the unity of Latin America will be brought about by its working classes and its rising generation of intellectuals, and not by its present rulers. The latter, whose interests are wrapped up in the past and threatened by the future, have no desire to encourage closer bonds among our republics, for they profit by existing political divisions and the discords these beget.

III. AWAKENING PAN-ASIA

THE Pan-Asiatic Congress at Nagasaki was hardly an epoch-making event; only half the number of delegates expected turned up, and nothing very exciting happened except the irruption of a wild Annamese or Korean, or both — accounts seem to differ somewhat. However, the organizers of the affair certainly could not complain of any conspiracy of silence or any attempt to boycott their meeting — except on the part of the Chinese and Korean students in Shanghai, who were very emphatic about its being a Japanese plan for the subjugation of Asia.

It is understood that the Foreign Office was not particularly pleased at the meeting being held at all, and would rather not have had it so well advertised. There was some propaganda work done in the Japanese press to the effect that the not too encouraging attitude of the Foreign Office was entirely due to the solicitations of the British Embassy, which pressed for the suppression of this and that delegate. There seems to be no reason to believe that this is true, and the story was probably invented to explain what was lacking in the effectiveness of the Congress and the difficulty in getting sufficient thunder to make a big noise. Mr. Pratap was the only delegate who got a really good advertisement. He came, as it was advertised, to represent Afghanistan, though why an Afghan could not be found for the job has not been explained. Mr. Pratap is a native of Northern India, and was once a holder of landed property. His political activities resulted in exile and confiscation, and he was for a time very active in Turkey, afterward transferring his attentions to Afghanistan. A story was published to the effect that he had lost his passport; but it is very doubtful, in view of his history, whether

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he could find a government which would issue one to him. While Mr. Pratap, an Indian, represented Afghanistan, another gentleman with a quite un-Indian name represented India. Thus do great minds transcend the petty boundaries of State.

The non-Asiatic press seems to have been better represented than either the Asiatic countries or the Asiatic press — apart from the Japanese newspapers. The *Times* correspondent, Colonel Ord Lees, attended, and unfortunately had a motor accident which all but incapacitated him; Mr. Frank Hedges, the editor of the *Advertiser*, was there; there was a special representative of the *Chronicle*; and a Chicago paper had its own correspondent in attendance. And there may have been others. It must be confessed that all that the world is likely to learn of the Congress is due to the exertions of the Occidental press — which is one of Fate's little ironies.

We can hardly understand the distaste of the Foreign Office for a gathering so very respectably 'covered.' And considering that the Congress lives by advertisement which was offered so freely, it was somewhat absurd that it should have solemnly refused to allow any communications in the language in which this advertisement must necessarily appear. As a matter of fact, English was the language which would have been understood by the greatest number of delegates; but as it is not an Asiatic language, everything had to be in the speaker's tongue, laboriously interpreted into Japanese. It must have contributed a great deal toward making the proceedings very dull, and illustrates Asia's lack of mutual comprehension. At any international congress in Europe, English and French are generally sufficient for a common understanding; and owing to British and American educational efforts English is the only possible language for a Pan-Asiatic meeting. It need not irk Asiatics that this is so; language is simply a means of communication; and Asiatics need not despise the use of a convenient European tongue any more than Europeans despise the wearing of cottons and silks, the weaving of which was invented in Asia. It was noticed that the orations made at Nagasaki were fairly well peppered with English words. The language, indeed, seems to be specially adapted for the utterance of what are known in Japan as 'dangerous thoughts.'

There was one perfectly safe thinker among the delegates at Nagasaki, Headman Semenoff, and even he published a manifesto in English — which, besides expressing dangerous thoughts, is equally adapted to the utterance of conservative formulas and utter bilge. Semenoff, who used to be famous for his matrimonial tangles, and in whose neighborhood there was never lacking a handsome lass or two, comes out in his manifesto as a very stalwart upholder of religion. He is not narrow or bigoted. He is 'convinced that any religion is a true path leading the human soul to God.' Disbelief is the only crime in the eyes of the enlightened headman. He does not mention any peccadillos, either such as he might be supposed to be acquainted with himself or such as he is unlikely to have ventured upon. He has a mind above all that. He would have the world saved by faith. He is sure it will be damned if it ceases to believe in God. 'At present,' he says, 'there exists in Asia a spiritual union with the object of carrying on the struggle with disbelief, the president of which association I have the honor to be.' The name of this association and its abiding place are alike unmentioned; but we can scarcely suppose that matters very much. The world is

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hardly so poor yet as to need such an exemplar as Semenoff. However, he does not ask for subscriptions, and that is something.

The Pan-Asiatic Conference has had a small beginning, but that is not to say that it will not grow. Smallness might be supposed to be favorable to solidarity. But though there was a certain amount of woolly talk from the president, about the necessity of loving one another and bearing enmity to nobody, it was evident that the very essence of Pan-Asianism was anti-Europeanism; and for this purpose both Japan and Siberia must be left out. It is interesting to find Japan and the Soviet Republic standing on common ground. On the other hand, if it were a really Pan-Asiatic congress, inspired by hatred of Europe, as the most vigorous speakers made it evident that it must be, Semenoff, of course, would not be there at all; and instead of Japan and Siberia standing without on common ground, they would be competing for the inspiration of the Congress. The struggle in Asia is the struggle between Japan for the mobilization of the weaker nations in the task of 'keeping the peace of the Far East,' and Russia for the setting of the Asiatics against the capitalistic régime. Japan and Russia have this quality in common — that they see the problem of the future in terms of capital rather than in terms of color. Japan is on the side of — or rather belongs to the same school as — the white race; while Russia desires to make a cat's-paw of the Asiatic races in the endeavor to overthrow the capitalistic civilization of Europe. Both countries were badly misrepresented at the Congress, but for that matter no country was well represented. It was an attempt by a few independent workers to bring some idea out of chaos, and to develop individuality in a new movement. What will come of it is still on the knees of the gods.

THE NORTHERNER

BY WILFRID GIBSON

[*Observer*]

When the north wind blows all things crystal-clear
And land and sea are sparkling like a jewel,
Under its icy breath the smouldering fuel
Of life revives within me, and dull fear
And doubtful sloth are purged with lustral fire,
And, quickened to a flame of pure desire,
On heaven-enraptured wings
My spirit soars and sings.

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THE POPE'S POLITICS[1]

BY R. E. GORDON GEORGE

It is a common saying in Rome that there are three Popes — the White Pope, the Black Pope, and the Red Pope. The Pope in white is, indeed, the Pope; the Pope in black is the General of the Jesuits; and the Pope in red is the Cardinal Secretary of State.

That the General of the Jesuits is an important person, even from a political point of view, can hardly be denied. Head of an organization which was specially designed and was placed at the disposal of the Papacy to protect the interests of Catholicism wherever they were threatened, the Black Pope owes his power to the intellectual efficiency of his order and its close acquaintance with the circumstances of the time.

But of far greater importance is the Cardinal Secretary of State, the confidential adviser of the head of a Church with four hundred million adherents, and responsible for supplying him immediately with information on all developments as they arise. This personage, from within his suite of apartments on the ground floor of the principal wing of the Vatican, is one of the best informed and therefore one of the most powerful people in the world. His office has never been so powerful as it is at the present moment. A few years ago his work could be, and often was, set at naught by three monarchs in almost absolute authority over extremely powerful countries. But now the Tsar, the Kaiser, and the Caliph all are gone. Vatican diplomacy, on the other hand, has vastly increased its range. Holland, Switzerland, Rumania, Russia, Poland, Greece, France, Germany, and Great Britain are now among the thirty-four Powers which have formal intercourse with the Papal Court. Fate and the anxiety of Benedict XV to save nations and individuals from affliction have been together the cause of this great change in the prestige of papal diplomacy.

Early in 1915 the Foreign Office became acutely aware of the disadvantages it suffered from having no representative at the Holy See, and it was doubtless due to the influence of his private secretary, Sir William Tyrrell, that Sir Edward Grey, as he then was, decided that regular relations, after a break of nearly four hundred years, must be resumed. The idea that they in any way involved the position of Catholicism in England could not be for a moment entertained. The pressure of the struggle with Germany compelled the Government not to reject intercourse with a neutral whose influence could not be gainsaid. It is true that as a matter of courtesy a Catholic was first sent as head of the special mission, and a Catholic followed him. But Sir Odo Russell, the present minister, is not a Catholic, though his diplomatic secretary was.

It is fitting that a great non-Catholic Empire, as Great Britain is, and is likely long to remain, should be represented at the Papal Court by non-

[1] From the *Fortnightly Review* (London literary and critical monthly), *August*

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Catholics. The question of divided allegiance should not distract the political attention of civil servants paid by the British taxpayer. And, on the other hand, the taxpayer does well to know the reasons why the resources to which he contributes should be used for the official intercourse of the British Government with the head of a religion acknowledged by less than five per cent of the subjects of His Imperial Majesty. That question has been discussed more than once, not only in the Parliament of Great Britain, but in those of France and of Holland. The answer to it was given succinctly by the Dutch Prime Minister in 1915, when Holland, although she was a neutral, found herself in urgent need of the political offices of the Holy See.

'The Government is neither Catholic nor Protestant,' he said. 'The legation forges no link between the State and the Catholic Church. . . . The character of the legation can be determined only through the fact that in the Pope one sees from the political point of view an important international Power. That is how the matter stands. One may regret it, but the fact cannot be denied. There is no important political centre which can exert more influence in the direction of peace than the Vatican actually does. And we must work together with it, and therefore the legation is a necessity. Among the Powers we possess merely a secondary place, but the Pope is one of the great Powers.' When the war was over, and Mr. Lloyd George in 1922 was addressing a general gathering of Nonconformist clergy, he pointed to the Pope as having performed above all others the task of peacemaker, to which the Prime Minister of Holland had referred seven years before.

That task, however, is not yet finished. The present state of Europe is by no means as reassuring to the Pope as the diplomatic prestige gained by Benedict XV and Cardinal Gasparri might suggest. The ills which in his view had followed the convulsion of civil society still require a remedy. He views his Church as the means to supply it, and he saw in the opportunities which 1925 provided him a great means toward his end. The *Anno Santo* was dedicated to the great objects of peace and Christian unity. One of those quarters of a century of which Popes have not infrequently taken advantage as a means of drawing the faithful around them, from the time when, in the words of Dante, the Lateran, at the beginning of the fourteenth century,

Alle cose mortali andò di sopra,

the Holy Year of 1925 brought pilgrims to Rome on a scale such as had never been known before. Gay processions from Italian villages passing with banner and song were accompanied by the silent intercessions of hundreds of thousands of all nationalities kneeling in the great basilicas with bowed heads or eager eyes.

It was for some time the intention of the Pope to make this gathering of the faithful the occasion of reopening the Vatican Council, which closed in 1870. But the present condition of Europe has persuaded him that it is better to leave that till a later year. When it does meet it can hardly escape laying down the principles of international law which guide the Church both in her teaching and in her own political relations. Its object must be to take measures for the preservation and well-being of human society.

In the meantime it is worth while to consider the political activities of the Vatican at the present moment, for nothing more than a suggestion of them has ever been placed before the English public. Like all power, that

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of the ecclesiastical authorities of Catholicism depends upon rapidity of information. Just as the investor with early information makes a fortune on the stock exchange, just as the efficiency of its correspondents makes the *Times* the greatest newspaper in the world, just as knowledge of the movements of the enemy gives victory to a general or an admiral, so the Vatican owes its political power most of all to the fact that its world-wide organization of devoted adherents can provide it both with inside information and with sane views of what is happening in every part of the world. Buddhism outnumbers it, Islam counts on a not less active fervor of loyalty and devotion, but neither of these religions has the political power of Catholicism, because they are not organizations of information throughout widely different nations. When the Germans occupying Belgium refused Cardinal Mercier permission to reënter Belgium after a visit to Rome, the Pope informed the German Government that if the permission were not given immediately the contents of certain documents would be published. It was given immediately.

The Pope possesses in every intelligent priest an agent who can do the work which a consul does in relation to a Foreign Minister. He is a means of both information and propaganda; he is in touch with a bishop, and the bishop is under an archbishop who corresponds direct with Rome. This simple organization enables the Pope to be served far more thoroughly and completely than any newspaper or any Great Power. But he is not dependent on his priests alone; enthusiastic laymen everywhere are only too glad to assist the priests; and besides this the Vatican has also organized the resources of a diplomatic service.

Although embassies to the Holy See and the mission of legates in other countries go back to very early times, the present organization began to take form at the Renaissance. Innocent VIII, in the Bull *Non debet reprehensibile*, of December 31, 1487, established a College of Apostolic Secretaries, and Leo X divided the work of the *Cardinali Nipoti* with that of the Confidential Secretary. In that period the functions of these cardinals were hotly contested. The Popes, partly through lack of trust in others, partly to give the prestige of the closest possible relationship to these representatives, had confided to a relative whom they had made cardinal the most important of their business. By the arrangement of Leo X the Cardinal Secret Secretary was to do a subsidiary part of this business. But the contest continued until the reign of Innocent XII (1691–1700), when the Secret Secretary was finally established in the position and began to take the name of the Cardinal Secretary of State. In 1908 Pius X organized the secretariat into three departments: the Congregation for Extraordinary Affairs, the Secretariat for Ordinary Affairs, and the Chancellory of Apostolic Briefs.

The present system throws an unusually heavy weight of personal work upon the Secretary of State. In other Foreign Offices the minister gives few interviews, and receives the ministers accredited to his Government only when there is an important point to discuss. Cardinal Gasparri not only receives each of the ambassadors and ministers accredited to the Holy See once a week, but he himself interviews everyone who comes to the Vatican to give information or to seek it. His secretaries refer all these to him, as requiring the authority and the delicacy of their head. He alone returns the visits of royalties to the Vatican. He is responsible for every letter sent out, and for the appointment of every

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nuncio, and for every item of news. It is his duty also to answer every letter, dispatch, or telegram addressed to the Pope. The officials of the Curia are generally appointed on his recommendation, and he, for the most part, suggests who are to receive honors and decorations. He gives the nuncios their personal instructions on appointment, and directs their work by private letters and telegrams to each of them, as well as by circular letters to them all. He is in fact the Pope's adviser, secretary, and minister in all matters which concern the general welfare of the Church and its relations with the world at large. All other authorities and advisers of the Pope are occupied only with matters concerning its inner life — its dogmas, its discipline, and its devotion. On none of them is the Pope dependent as he is on the Secretary of State; with no one else is he on the same confidential terms; no other is so closely identified with his absolute power.

His office has long been the subject of suspicion to non-Catholics. Antonelli, who was not a priest, the Secretary of State to Pius IX, was thought by many European statesmen of his time to be an unscrupulous villain; and so great was his power in Rome, as Mr. Oscar Browning relates, that when the young Queen of Naples fired a shotgun at his mother's cat she was almost compelled to leave the *alma città*. Of Jacobini we did not hear so much. Rampolla was thought to be not altogether an attractive figure, and was feared so much by the Central Empires that the Emperor of Austria employed his right of veto to prevent his election to the Papacy.

A very different figure succeeded him. An ascetic and distinguished man of not quite forty, who had been born and brought up in England, Cardinal Merry del Val was the youngest member of the sacred college when he was given the most important place in it. That he was a Spaniard did not make his work more easy in a country which regarded the most important posts in the Vatican as its inalienable right. That Cardinal Merry del Val, with his cosmopolitan training, his diplomatic connections (for his brother is still the Spanish Ambassador at the Court of St. James), his keen brain, and his eminent piety was peculiarly fitted for his task no one could deny, and, in fact, at the last conclave, he was within a few votes of being made Pope. He had an English education, and now, in his sixtieth year, is still a tennis player, a swimmer, and no mean Alpinist. In the summer of 1924 the present writer met him at the summit of the famous Col di Lana after a climb of three thousand feet, which he had accomplished in three hours.

A little story is told of how he came to be appointed Secretary of State. At the conclusion of the conclave in 1904 it was the task of Cardinal Merry del Val to inform the Patriarch of Venice that the office had fallen upon him. Almost overcome, the humble Cardinal Santo complained that he could not take up a task for which he was so unworthy. '*Coraggio, Monsignore*,' said the young cardinal. 'This is the expression of the Divine Will.' And when Pius X had accepted the charge he sent for the young cardinal to tell him that his choice had fallen upon him to be his principal adviser. It was now the turn of Cardinal Merry to say that he could not take up a task so far beyond him. '*Coraggio, Monsignore*,' said the Pope. 'This is the expression of the Divine Will.'

The story is told that Cardinal Merry del Val thought that Monsignor della Chiesa was better suited for the governorship of an archdiocese than for a post directly under the Secretary of

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State. And when in 1914 della Chiesa, after having been Archbishop of Bologna, was elected to the papal throne, he is said to have applied to himself a text that was once given a more august application: 'The stone which the builders rejected, the same is become the head of the corner.' Cardinal Merry del Val immediately completed it, with a profound inclination: 'This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes.'

Benedict XV followed the usual rule and appointed different advisers from his predecessor's. That is now just ten years ago. A trained Italian diplomat who had long been a professor of canon law in Paris, who had already been a cardinal for seven years especially charged with supervision of a new code of canon law, was made Secretary of State. Since it was under Cardinal Gasparri and Benedict XV that papal politics have been put in the position they now are, it was natural that the present Pope, who had been much in the confidence of his predecessor, should retain Cardinal Gasparri in the post of principal adviser. Now seventy-four years of age, a little inclined to stoutness, with a benevolent expression that does not veil the shrewdness of his glance, the Cardinal Secretary of State has the excellent memory, the quick mind, and the power to make decisions which are necessary for a ruler of men. After having emerged from the war, in which great pressure was put upon him from every side, without having compromised the Church in a single particular, and on the other hand having enormously increased the prestige and range of Vatican diplomacy, so that it is now acknowledged in almost every country of the world, and having seen his principal enemies removed, Cardinal Gasparri may well feel confidence in his capacity to perform his task.

Of the agencies which assist him, the Chancellory of Apostolic Briefs is the least authoritative. The Secretariat for Ordinary Affairs under the *sostituto*, Monsignor Pizzard, and the *prosostituto*, Monsignor Centoz, carries on the routine work of the Cardinal, and the Congregation for Extraordinary Affairs is a committee of cardinals and others which advises him in new or unusual matters of great importance. This is the only instance of a committee working in connection with papal diplomacy. The Vatican does not compromise with the principle of cabinet government.

Although certain countries prefer a one-sided intercourse with the Vatican,—as, for example, Switzerland, who receives a nuncio but does not send a minister, or Great Britain, who sends a minister but does not receive a nuncio,—there are certain Great Powers who have no regular intercourse with the Papal Court. But in these days diplomacy transcends the diplomats, for sovereigns and their ministers do most of their diplomatic work themselves. The telegraph and the newspaper correspondent have put the personnel of embassies in a very secondary position. And, added to this, the mutual visits of royalties are much more frequent. By these visits the Vatican has lately had intercourse, not only with those Powers with which she is in regular relationship, but with Japan, the United States, and Ethiopia.

And what is the object of it all? The object of all diplomacy is to adjust the interests of one Power with another, in a friendly way, with due regard to their respective positions. In this scheme the Holy See occupies an extraordinary place. In a position where her welfare depends on the welfare of all States whose subjects owe her allegiance or pay her tribute, and anxious to increase her influence over

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those countries whom she has not won, circumstances make her the great neutral. In one sense, indeed, she is not neutral — she has interests of her own, and it is, of course, the direct object of Vatican diplomacy to adjust those interests with those of each nation of the world. In the revised Code of Canon Law which, as we have seen, was so long under the personal supervision of Cardinal Gasparri, the duty of the Pope's diplomatic representatives is defined in Canon 267: —

1. To cultivate good relations, according to the rules received from the Holy See, between the Apostolic See and the civil Governments to which they are accredited.

2. In the territory assigned to them, to watch over the interests of the churches, and to give the Roman Pontiff information concerning them.

3. Beside these two ordinary powers, to obtain such extraordinary ones as may be specially delegated to them.

The first two paragraphs relate to such matters as appointments, to freedom of religious instruction both in seminaries and in schools, to the boundaries of parishes and dioceses, and to accommodating Christian teaching to national patriotism. Ireland and Alsace-Lorraine are obvious examples of instances where it was convenient for the Governments concerned to have an understanding with the ecclesiastical authorities at Rome, and the demarcation of dioceses according to new frontiers after the war was another very obvious instance. It was, in fact, on this extremely delicate work that the present Pope was employed in Warsaw during the discussion about the boundaries of Upper Silesia. Yet another instance was the relations of Cardinal Mercier with General von Bissing. Yet one more was the presence of German and other foreign missionaries of Catholicism in British dependencies. This was a subject to which Lord Kitchener gave particular attention when he was Commander-in-Chief in India, for it was naturally irksome to him that an army chaplain might not be a British subject. On such subjects it is imperative for a Government to have an understanding with the supreme authority of the Catholic Church; and the most convenient way of coming to an understanding is by direct official intercourse.

It is, however, the third paragraph of the two hundred and sixty-seventh Canon which especially explains why the Foreign Offices of nations, even of non-Catholic and non-Christian nations, find it necessary to maintain an envoy at the Papal Court. The Pope not infrequently charges one of his nuncios with adjusting the interests of one country with those of another. Such instances occurred in the war, not only with regard to the ministrations of chaplains and the exchange of prisoners, but, as is well known, in the preparations for the peace negotiations themselves. And this must be, because, as we saw, the Papacy is the one institution which is not only responsible for the moral and general welfare of subjects of all countries, but is dependent on them for its own maintenance. Because, therefore, it is identified with the welfare of different countries, it is in that respect an ally of true patriotism, as its diplomacy is a support for diplomacy as a whole. It can mediate between nations who cannot, or will not, deal directly with one another.

In this sense it performs, and it has long performed, the work which many idealists had in view in founding and maintaining the League of Nations. And in some respects it has advantages over Geneva as a centre of efficiency. It has not rejected great countries like

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Russia or Germany from its circle; it is not dominated by France; and it has not been made the subject of party politics in the United States. But it has still another advantage over the League of Nations. Sure of the allegiance of four hundred million adherents, and strong with the astuteness of an immemorial experience, the Vatican is an independent institution which applies to nations as to individuals the principles of morality and justice. There is in those principles, wherever they are found, a remarkable power to survive and dominate. Again and again in the course of history they have been attacked, despised, defied; but in the constitution of human society they are ineradicable; they are inherent in the principles of life. Every Calvary means finally a Canossa.

There has seldom been a more dramatic instance of this power than the conflict of Benedict XV with militarists and financiers. As early as 1916 he publicly warned them that the exhausting struggle could only lead to economic ruin. In the commitments of 1916 a sudden peace would have been disastrous to many powerful interests, and on both sides bankers and financiers eagerly supported the war. But in 1921 every one of the chairmen of the five great banks of England was echoing the words the Pope had spoken five years before. Of the capitalists of the Central Empires it is unnecessary to ask the opinion. 'Believe me,' once said an old Scottish merchant to his son, 'honesty is the best policy. I have tried both.' Experience in the end cannot but support the moral principle. The Vatican is the only international institution which exists to assert a moral principle. Many diplomacies, after long experience, have failed to reach the conclusion with which it began.

Among the countries which have no representative at the Papal Court, the only important ones are Italy and the United States. The relations of the Holy See with America are excellent, and the only time an American President was in Rome he had a cordial audience with the Pope. But America hesitates to establish official relations with a Power whom Italy does not yet admit to have territory. The capture of the States of the Church has prevented Italy from relations with the Holy See from the time that she became the country she at present is, and it was her politicians who prevented the Vatican from being represented at either of the Hague Conferences, at the last Peace Conference, and at Geneva.

That is not the present temper of the Italian Government. In 1922, at the Genoa Conference, the Pope was acknowledged once more, and the Fascist Government has indeed pleaded causes for the Vatican at Geneva. And at the present time the Italian Ministry have more than once availed themselves of the indirect assistance of the Vatican politicians. They would now be among the last to deny the power of papal diplomacy, and the Vatican prefers to take advantage of their occasional help rather than to be associated at Geneva with decisions that perhaps it could not endorse, which it could not overrule, and which might compromise its prestige. As the representative of spiritual interests, it is content to support any good from Geneva separately, and to remain in a position entirely superior to intrigues among the high contracting parties of the League.

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IN AN ISLAND PRISON. I[1]

BY FRANCISCO DE COSSÍO

[THESE articles are from the pen of a well-known Spanish man of letters who was lately deported by order of General Primo de Rivera's Government.]

I LEFT my house that morning with a gesture of freedom as convincing as any that can be imagined. All the lilac in the patio had burst into flower during the night. The sun entered, penetrating to the farthest depths of the rooms, whence the mirrors returned its light. Only so could I find it in me to go out into the street with a smile as satisfactorily composed as the knot of my tie, and swinging my stick as in the best days of constitutionalism. In a few paces I reached the Plaza Mayor, all filled with sunlight, and sought refuge in the twilight of the arcades — those arcades where sound the idlest footsteps of the city, but where stands, nevertheless, the book-shop, with the latest novelties.

Then it was that an insignificant little man, with all the appearance of having lately arrived from his village for the examinations, came toward me with decided step. I imagined that he was going to ask me for light for his cigar, or perhaps inquire for the direction of some street — error pardonable only in view of the ingenuousness of that spring morning, which I could not but judge free from peril. The little man quickly revealed himself. He belonged to the police, and had orders to arrest me. And now, trotting by my side, he said to me with that tone of mystery which gives such prestige to his profession: 'I fear it is bad news which they are going to give you.'

At the door of my house were awaiting me two more police, and on the very doorstep they gave me the news. Within a few hours, by Government order, I must leave for Chaffarinas. My geography wavered somewhat for a second or two, but at length I concluded resignedly that that must be somewhere about the north of Africa; and, as little time remained to me to prepare for the journey, I did not trouble to ask the reasons for the order.

At nightfall I left for Madrid, accompanied by the two police, who had not let me out of sight for one instant since I was arrested. The handkerchiefs of my friends remained behind in the soot-laden air of the station, and I prepared myself for bed, to repose myself after the emotions of the day. But sleep did not come altogether. The train was winding its way through the pine woods of Castile, and, as it was a moonlit night, from out of the shades the pine trees appeared to be bidding me good-bye. These pine trees brought me a whole chain of memories, and among them that of the Museum of Valladolid, formed entirely of the works of the great carvers in the wood of the pine — I had been dismissed from the Directorship of the Museum at the time of my first exile. That too had been a journey of some emotion, made in the night, but with Paris for

[1] From the *Manchester Guardian* (Independent Liberal daily), *August* 25, 26, 27

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destination. And so the pine trees and the moon went weaving above me something which seemed a dream. In it my half-closed eyes appeared to discern the form of an unknown island, in the midst of the Mediterranean, like the islands we see on the wall of the schoolroom, brilliant yellow, set in the conventional blue of the map.

At dawn, as the scent of the mountains entered by the open windows of the carriage, I set to work to contemplate my guards. The train had stopped, and on the glass of a flickering lamp I managed to read, in large letters, 'Avila.'

Of the two detectives, one is more benign than the other. Both belong to the old style of detective, to the days when as yet the detective novel had not influenced the profession, and this is a source of satisfaction to me. It gives to my journey a certain quality of the age of the Romantics, with soberer images than those which nowadays the cinematograph gives to adventure. The expression of these detectives is magnificent — the pure and unadulterated 'police' look, which in the old melodrama corresponded to secret and delicate functions. But I propose to change this look. I must win over the physiognomy of these men, which will be like winning them over themselves. The first to become my friend is he of the smiling face. The other, the serious one, continues imperturbable, but it is because the profession has covered his face with a mask. He shows himself to be docile, responsive to the stimuli of conversation, and, if not sympathetic, manages at least to be serviceable. On our arrival in Madrid he is the first to catch hold of my luggage.

Our passage through the court of Spain is rapid. Sunday in Madrid, brilliant sunlight, and the bullfight. The Calle de Alcalá overflows with people, who crowd the terraces of the cafés. I, in the midst of the crowds, with the two police, feel myself quite lost. Everybody passes by indifferent to my fate. The censorship has forbidden the publication in the newspapers of the news of my confinement, and I run across various friends who don't even stop to speak to me, as if they had seen me the day before and were sure of meeting me later, in the usual café.

But at length we reach the Andalusia mail train, due to leave for Málaga. Another night in the train. The detectives insist on my dining with them. Out of this dinner, ordered by them in a public house close to the station, is destined to grow our firm friendship. With the dessert they begin to get confidential. One of them has never seen the sea. The other reveals to me that he is an Andalusian, from near Cordoba, and his eyes light up with joy at the thought that the train will pass close to his village. When every topic has been exhausted they leave me free one side of the carriage, so that I may stretch myself at full length.

Whoever has not gone to sleep in Castile to wake in the heart of Andalusia does not know what a joyful awakening is. The sun begins to stretch out its rays over the fields and the olive trees to create that Andalusian shade which is such a marvelous sedative for all passion. The earth is of delicate green, and on all the leaves lies a gray dust which not even the dew of the morning is altogether able to wash away.

The girl at the level crossing smiles to us with the red flag over the arm and a flower in her hair, but even more clearly than the girl smiles to us the landscape. Accustomed to the austere Castilian severity, we are a little slow to appreciate the flexible grace of the Andalusian countryside, suave undula-

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tions in the plain, covered by the light step of the serried olive trees. On the little platforms of the wayside stations the accent begins to conquer us with its charm. The syllables fall asleep indulgently in the air, and the cries of the sellers begin to be filled with music. None would say that this flowery and sonorous route leads to exile.

And I, meanwhile, in every corner of the landscape, discover some spot meant for man's repose — near to that square white house, for instance, with tables set beneath the vine, in whose blue shadow some men, with white Eton jackets and broad-brimmed hats, are talking leisurely before glasses of Montilla. With every yard covered by the train, life becomes a little slower. There is no hurry for anything. One would say that these men have renounced every conquest, having made that of the sunlight.

At last, Málaga. We enter the city to the sound of our trotting horses. The whole of Málaga is resumed in the one great street which ends in the port. Round this central street are others narrow and tortuous, in which history itself becomes entangled. At the very port springs up a great park of palm trees. With what grace does Málaga contemplate herself reflected in the sea! I should say that Málaga was the fairest town of Spain if it were not that with her Spain comes to an end.

My friends in Málaga already know the news, and besiege my hotel. They offer me a lunch in one of the typical restaurants of the Caleta. There is no need to make difficulties, because the detectives will eat at a table set by the side of ours. Excellent Andalusian wine and a fish soup which is magnificent. We are sitting close to the edge of the sea, and I gaze with something of melancholy toward the horizon. Somewhere over there must lie the islands for which I am bound. The flies buzz on the sands, and in the next room sound the wires of a guitar. The enervating airs are getting the better of me moment by moment. . . . Who can think of going from here? Andalusia has a force of suggestion cruelly powerful for the captive. And so I, while we eat, think how there are two captivities weighing on my spirit. But up, heart. One must not allow oneself to be overcome by the Andalusian sadness. The ship waits in the port: let us set sail, then, toward the mysterious isles, and leave a little of forgetfulness hanging over the coasts of Spain.

Fair night at sea. The waters are motionless, and the Mediterranean is a great lake overflowing with moonlight. Traveling with us are officers returning to duty, the thousand-and-one traffickers in war, and music-hall artists. Among the latter a juggler, who makes friends with me and reveals to me mysteriously the secret of his tricks. He is an agile and sagacious personage who, after dinner, successfully bewilders the officers and the captain of the boat. The evening prolongs itself; it is very late when we go to our bunks. On waking I hear a great rattling of chains, and through the porthole of my cabin perceive a dock crowded with soldiers, among great heaps of oranges, and behind a city surrounded by a wall which appears to be of baked earth. The sun, but just risen and as yet unaware of things, gives to the stone a tone colder than the stone itself.

Melilla is a great city created by the war. Hebrew quarters with many bazaars, and in the streets rich Moors with somewhat confused ideas on civilization. Everywhere one feels the movement of gold, and at night, in the remoter suburbs, the officers keep up the war with champagne corks. The commercial classes have made themselves insensible to pain and death.

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The stretchers with the wounded from the latest encounter pass by, and the music in the cafés continues.

In Melilla awaits me the commandant of the island, and to this authority I am delivered by the detectives. I take my leave of them with genuine effusion. They have done their duty with real delicacy, and have contrived to combine with their custodianship of my person that most difficult of qualities, cordiality.

The Commandant of Chaffarinas, Don Arsenio Fuentes, born in the Mediterranean provinces and in his youth a journalist, is a man of middle height, with eyes of great expressiveness and extraordinary mobility. He talks a lot, and though he jumps from one subject to another he always gives to his remarks an appearance of coherency. Let me say at once that he is the prototype of the charming, the optimistic, and the helpful. In the café he invites everybody; gives excellent tips to the waiters; passers-by nod to him and smile; he has the entrée in all parts; he knows the news before anybody else; he encounters no difficulties in any undertaking; and when he draws himself up before his superior he produces an outline of the finest martial quality. Since in Chaffarinas one lives in the most complete isolation, whenever he comes to Melilla he sends to the island telegrams with extracts from all the papers; he goes the round of the shops to fulfill the commissions which have been entrusted to him; and finally he buys a mountain of novels, sufficient to fill novelistically all the hours of a month. I accompany him in his purchases, and in a moment my vigilator converts himself into my friend. Once upon the island his figure takes on still grander proportions. A man of proved valor who has made war with a high heart, he has contrived to organize his viceroyalty of Chaffarinas in a spirit profoundly civil.

The boat for Chaffarinas leaves halfway through the morning, the Gandía, a small and very seaworthy packet-boat. Don José Ors, the captain, large and smiling and also of the Mediterranean provinces, invites me to the bridge, together with the Commandant, and once the boat is well out at sea seats himself by our side and pours out a flood of effusive conversation. We make our way, following closely the African coast, from Melilla to Cabo de Agua, and the land as we pass draws on the blue a yellow line so fine and brilliant that it seems to be traced by a ray of sunlight. After three hours' sailing we make out a far-off mistiness: there lie the islands.

Little by little the mistiness converts itself into rock. The solitary Congress Island, which is already advancing upon us in a decided manner, hides the other two. But gradually begin to rise up from behind Isabel II and King's Island. This latter is the smallest of all, and on it are distinguishable some walls of excessive whiteness, as of an Andalusian orchard or pigeon-house: they are the cemetery. Isabel II is the only one of the three which is inhabited, and from the boat it presents to us a promontory of rock, rugged and parched, bare of vegetation, encircled by a low wall which gives to the island its only military note, with long buildings of one story, — the old prison, — and at the two extremes of the island the Commandant's house and the lighthouse.

A launch draws out to meet us. In it are coming to receive us part of the official element and the more distinguished among the prisoners. They come on board, and I am introduced to them all. And now, transferred to the launch, we approach the port. I am about to land on the island, and yet it

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seems to me that I am quitting the land — the island is nothing but an ill-formed boat anchored in the midst of the sea. At the Commandant's side I go up by an ascending causeway to his Residence.

The intense sun of Africa envelops us, and one's eyes seek out the only shadow available, that of the boundary wall, which, seen close at hand, is only a stage boundary wall. The island lives in the certainty of never being attacked, and itself seems little anxious for a fight. Soon after its occupation a few pieces of cannon were fetched — formidable Prussian cannons out of the war of 1870. But judging by appearances, these cannons have never fired over the blue waters, and to-day they may be seen turned green by the sea air, red by the rust, and stopped with corks like vulgar bottles.

At length we arrive at the Commandant's house and stretch ourselves out on the divans of the entrance hall. A great silence enfolds us. It is as if we had dropped all the cables which united us to the world. The Commandant goes backward and forward giving orders; he is presented with a heap of papers for signature, and his adjutant, close to his car, gives him the confidential news. A couple of Moors, in the doorway, seated on the floor with their legs crossed, contemplate us imperturbably.

After a short interval for rest, the Commandant himself takes me off to the cell which the Government has allotted me for a dwelling. A short entrance passage, with a yard at the far end, four white walls, and a window open to the sea. To the doors neither lock nor bolt. Everything is safe within the tiny circuit of the island. Possibly the origins of delinquency may be found in the means for flight. Here the waters which surround us are our jailers. In one corner of the cell I perceive the bed; in the other a table, a stool, and a minute wash-hand-stand; on the bed two blankets, one red, the other gray; and hanging from the wall a petroleum lamp with its great reflector, to which is only lacking the name of a village as on the lamps in the railway stations.

Seated on my bed as the afternoon declines, I imagine that I am sitting in the waiting-room of the station of that remote village at which the slow train refuses to arrive. Nowhere do I remember to have felt the emotion of solitude as at this moment. Alone the sea which surrounds me speaks in light tones to my ear, as if anxious to start the first dialogue. This same sea is going to be, during my exile, the best of my confidants. Meanwhile my cell sets to work to give me a lesson in the strictly necessary. Only my leather bags are out of place in this austere setting — my bags and the books, freshly unpacked, which form a pile upon the table. Precincts too narrow for my prisoner's thoughts, though these white walls offer themselves in the guise of four sheets of paper, presented to me by the Spanish State, on which to record my reflections and projects.

The white turns to gray. I light the lamp, and the sea is obliterated from the window, while the flame traces long shadows on the wall, like a draftsman out of sorts. Afterward a great silence forms itself about me that I may sleep. And I sleep well, as a soldier on campaign, my hand brushing away my thoughts like impertinent flies.

To-morrow, with the new light, I shall have new ideas.

On opening my eyes I find the whole cell flooded with light. In the first moments I fail to recognize where I am, but of a sudden there crowd to my

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mind all the images of the day before. It will be necessary, before anything else, to make a reconnaissance of the island. It is, in a certain way, an awakening of the shipwrecked, and it still appears to me that my clothes must be soaking, as if I had reached that spot of land swimming.

Before going out into the street I enter the cell next to mine to say good morning to a fellow prisoner. This gentleman is a major, cavalryman, formerly an officer of the Royal Escort, with a life sentence for murder. A matrimonial drama which provided some weeks of lively sensation in Spain, since the victim was a well-known actress, but which now is reduced to this little-to-be-suspected epilogue in the solitude of the island. The major and I share a common yard, and as he possesses a carpentering outfit he has offered to arrange my installation for me. This recluse is a man of the world, but capable only of talking of his memories. In every hour of the present he lives over again a corresponding hour of the past, and all through the afternoons, in the farthest corner of his cell, kills his interminable boredom as the man about town kills it in his club. He has decorated his cell with scraps of paper of variegated colors, which, stuck on the wall, have the effect of colored tiles, and his hands occupy themselves in prodigious works of marquetry. We talk briefly. He is still in bed, and by the bedside has a bottle of cognac, a flask of gin, and a heap of novels — he scarcely leaves his cell, and never goes to look at the sea except on mail days.

On stepping into the street I have to shut my eyes not to be blinded by the light. It is the principal and, for practical purposes, the only street on the island. It goes uphill, from the Commandant's residence to the square, and in it are to be found the hospital, the telegraph office, and a public house with a billiard table. The door of my cell is at one end of this street, and from it may be seen a bit of sea, the only bit of sea which attenuates somewhat our feeling of being abandoned, since rather than sea it appears to be a lake which stretches from the coasts of Cabo de Agua as far as our port. This is the way down to the quay, and few are the moments when the spot does not offer to us a pretty 'view in the colonies.' The Chaffarinas Islands represent a minute colonial dominion, from which it is difficult for us to imagine the metropolis which should correspond to it, but in the exiguous patch of ground, which can be embraced in a single glance, it is possible to study all that is essential to the make-up of a colony. And all this in spite of its being an absolutely artificial one. When the islands were occupied by General Serrano in 1848, during the reign of Isabel II, they were three deserted rocks. The possession of them might possibly have been advantageous to France if completed by that of Cabo de Agua, which is contiguous to the French zone in Morocco, but for Spain these three minute islands, lost in the Mediterranean, were absolutely useless. Why, then, were they occupied? The reasons for the occupation must lie sleeping in the great volumes of the Diary of Parliament, and somebody, perhaps, is acquainted with them. All that I know is that, at the end of some years, in the largest of the three they built a prison. And this, when all is said and done, might be considered as an object to justify their occupation. Later on Isabel II began to be the privileged spot for political deportations, and to it were sent many Cuban and Philippine Nationalists. There are still some inhabitants who remember those days. Heated disputes in the square, rivers

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of champagne in celebration of any and every happening, and, from time to time, exciting escapes in the night on board a felucca hidden among the rocks.

Since money flowed like water in the islands, the natives of the north coast of Africa little by little began to frequent them, bringing their home products, and in this way, on the rocks but shortly before deserted, was initiated the first colonial dialogue. On this my first morning there arrived from Cabo de Agua the Moroccan traders. The *chilabas*, of the color of dusky earth, silhouette themselves against the sky, and the Moors who are nearest to us appear to spread them out on the sea, filling its blue surface with little black islands. They lay out on the ground their wares, — prickly pears, oranges, bananas, eggs, hens, — and of all these varied goods the first fruits are deposited at the Commandant's door, since the Moors, liberal with everybody, experience a feeling of superstitious generosity toward authority. The Moorish prisoners employed in the Port thread their way among the sellers. They form an uninterrupted string of copper-colored beings in bright-toned cloths, all of them pushing trucks or carrying aloft picks and spades. With their white turbans they dry, from time to time, the sweat which collects on their brows. Their naked chests are exposed to the exhausting sunlight, and the only smiling faces are those of the men waist-deep in the water, this transparent Mediterranean water which, under the quays, takes on an abysmal blackness.

I enter the Residence to say good morning to the Commandant, and here the colonial coloring becomes more marked. In the long glass gallery the walls are hung with Arab rugs; on the floor are great Oriental carpets, and down the whole length of the room are divans covered in cushions. The Residence appears to be deserted. The flies buzz around me, and from a neighboring room there reaches me the sound of a pen traveling over the paper. I stretch myself out on a divan and wait. On the other side of the glass walls one divines the presence of the sea, and the light enters broken into a thousand particles, scattered over the carpets and cushions, robbing them of their colors, to leave again pursued by the flies. I begin to feel the slowness of the time — this time which my watch is without experience for measuring. What meaning have minutes and hours on the island? So deep is the silence which surrounds me that I begin to be afraid of it. I think, 'In some such silence must come, like the tight-rope walker treading the wire, Death' — and steal out again into the street. I toss to the sun my card, in challenge to our duel. I am going to make the tour of the island.

But is this an inhabited island? And for an instant I forget the sellers and the men working on the quay while my eyes search for the European passer-by with whom to exchange a word and play at life on the mainland. . . . But here comes a magnificent Moor, in a pearl-gray chilaba and a yellow turban, accompanied by a black slave wearing a white shirt with a pleated front and a great pair of pantaloons of blue cloth. In this moment he forms my only companion in confinement. He is a Moor of note, Muley Mustafa Raisuni, formerly Pasha of Arcila. He comes toward me smilingly, and greets me with those inimitable reverences of which only the Moors possess the secret and which are the very essence of elegance. Even more than the mouth smile the eyes of Mustafa, eyes which illuminate with a light of jet the bristling beard. The slave waits at a short distance, and the

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scene presents a certain air as of Epiphany. My gaze travels beyond in search of the camels and rich coffers which so often we have discovered in museums adorning with Oriental pomp the mystery of Jesus' birth.

Mustafa calls me comrade, shrugs his shoulders, and smiles. What a quantity of stoicism in that smile! One must hope, says he, and in the moment of leave-taking, as his ultimate comment, he throws me a phrase, a perfect phrase, which contains all the philosophy of captive Mustafa: 'Guvment is Guvment.' That is to say, Authority, in things just and unjust, is strong, and dominates our lives. And I watch him moving away into the distance, calm and solemn, toward the Residence. The Moors bow low as he passes.

On the island one has no very clear notion of the days, of the months, nor yet of the years; and in this way it seems to me, from the very first moment, that I have known its inhabitants all my life. In a great city we have to go and look for our friend, in his house or in the places where he is usually to be found, and it is only occasionally that we chance upon him in the street. On Chaffarinas we all of us meet at every point of the island, and when we cease to see anybody it is because, in search of solitude, he has shut himself up in his cell, voluntarily, for a whole week. The fact is that in the matter of social relationships on the island there exists no halfway; it is a question either of being together always, or of absolute solitude.

This strange social life, in the long run, creates terrible enmities and concentrated hatreds, which now and then reach exploding point in words or in deeds. The most usual is for the exiles to behave themselves correctly in conversation and greetings; but on saying good-bye it is easy to discover in them a look of mutual suspicion. This lack of confidence they make every effort to hand on immediately to the new arrival. 'Have a care!' they say to him in one group. 'Don't trust the others,' they warn him in another. 'Take every precaution with these people, for they are not what they seem.' And in this terrible atmosphere, a hundred times a day is produced the collision between bitter rivalries, contained jealousy, and dull envy. . . . From time to time the storm breaks, and neighbors cease to recognize each other. Situation truly embarrassing! Everywhere the enemies are bound to meet, bound to remain as if absent and indifferent, though at bottom they wish each other dead.

These contentions and personal difficulties gradually, day by day, mould the character of the inhabitants of the island, and all end up by becoming cautious, reserved, and prudent of every word. Nobody pours out his soul in an overflow of intimacy. Each fears the other. All of which states of mind are aggravated by the lack of contact with womankind. The few women that there are on the island do not leave their houses, except on the rarest occasions, and it is impossible to see them save fugitively.

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AMERICA AND FRANCE. I[1]

BY A. DE TEOUF

[THE author is managing director of the Thomson-Houston Company of France.]

IS N'T it presumptuous to discuss conditions in the United States after spending only six weeks there? How can one appraise so vast a country in so short a time? If one must be superficial, and merely repeat what every European who has visited the huge transatlantic factory has already told us, what is the use of saying anything at all?

This is my apology. I landed in America full of ideas regarding the country which I think are shared by everyone in France — ideas so common that they must contain an element of truth. I have come back with very different opinions, which, though they may not be absolutely original, represent a complete change of mind. And since such a change must have a cause, I imagine that I have picked up some new facts and have come a little closer to the truth.

What were my preconceived ideas when I embarked for the United States? I expected to see a very large country, abundantly endowed with raw materials and grown wealthy since the war — a land where everything was possible because everything was on a vast scale, where people did big things because they liked it and took pride in it, but where business methods differed from our own principally in size, and where industry was the only thing worth studying because the Americans were a primitive-minded people polarized, so to speak, toward money-making.

Now, none of these things is wholly untrue; but America's greatness is not as I imagined. Its wealth does not consist in gold and raw materials alone, but also in people and methods. Its business is not merely on a larger scale than ours, but is fundamentally different from ours in character. And the more we study the United States, the less importance we attach to material factors, and the more importance to moral factors, as explaining its progress. This is what I shall try to make plain, while sticking strictly to my own subject, the industrial field, and more specifically to my specialty, the electrical business.

My first impression, which did not change or lessen except as all things lessen by familiarity, was of vastness. America's *kolossal* is entirely different from Germany's because, unlike the latter, it is natural and spontaneous. It is expressed in the mighty contours of New York Harbor and the Hudson; in the huge Babel — ennobled by a suggestion of superhuman power — of the Manhattan skyscrapers; in Great Lake vessels carrying a net cargo of ten thousand tons; in railway trains transporting from three to six thousand tons; in enormous factories, gigantic turbines, and quantity production on a scale that seems to us exaggerated.

[1] From *La Revue Politique et Parlementaire* (Paris Independent political-affairs monthly), *August* 10

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We can say in general, when comparing figures of production and consumption in France and America respectively, that their ratio is as one to anywhere between fifteen and thirty. To take the most familiar examples, four million automobiles are sold annually in the United States, as compared with two hundred thousand in France. There is one motor car for six inhabitants in that country, compared with one for seventy-five inhabitants here. The Americans have one telephone for every nine people; in France we have one for every eighty. The capital invested in electrical services is seven billions of dollars across the Atlantic, compared with two hundred millions of dollars in France, or thirty-five times as much as here. We sell in France about twenty-five thousand vacuum cleaners annually; in the United States they sell more than a million. The General Electric Company has just decided to put a household refrigerating machine on the market. As soon as it decided on the model, it made out a programme to manufacture one hundred thousand the first year. That is the scale upon which they do things in the United States. It is what we expect of that country, and we account for it with simple explanations — which I think are false.

For example, we are wont to say that America's large population makes quantity production possible, and let it go at that. But after all, the United States has only three times as many people as France. 'Oh, well,' you reply, 'the American is richer than the Frenchman.' It is true that the per capita wealth of the United States is twenty-five hundred dollars as compared with one thousand dollars in France. But the average cost of living in that country is about double what it is here, so that, although America's aggregate wealth is eight times our own, its purchasing power is only four times our own. Consequently the American home market should be four times our home market. Multiplying production by four does not radically lower prices. At the most, it will not reduce them more than from fifteen to thirty per cent; and transportation costs, which are much greater in an extensive country like the United States than in France, practically wipe out that difference.

So these reasons do not explain the ratio of from one to fifteen to one to thirty in France and America respectively that we discover in all fields of production and consumption. There is another cause — high wages. The minimum wage in the United States, computed in gold, is about five times our minimum wage, while the average price index is less than double that in France. The purchasing power of the poorest American is therefore from two and one-half to three times the purchasing power of the poorest Frenchman. An American workingman holds the same relative position as a consumer that a superintendent in a moderate-sized factory or a country physician with a good practice does in France. Consequently articles which reach only members of the well-to-do middle class in our country are within reach of practically every wage-earner in America. Across the Atlantic something like half of the industrial population have their own radio sets, telephones, vacuum cleaners, and automobiles. The comfort area, if I may coin the term, covers in one country the great bulk of the population and in the other country a limited section of the middle class. This explains figures that seem to us astronomical.

This raises another question. How can a country pay such wages? When

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we consider the alarm we feel at any suggestion of a rise of wages, we cannot resist the thought that to double them would spell catastrophe. Now America has not experienced a catastrophe, because high wages produce their own antidote, at least in a land where the workingman realizes that it is for his interest to produce as much as possible in order to earn high pay. In fact, the addition to the market which comes from high wages encourages quantity production on a scale impossible in a low-wage country, and thus renders possible a radical lowering of prices. Fifteen years ago Henry Ford sold his cars for one thousand dollars. His output has multiplied tenfold since then. Now he sells his cars for three hundred dollars, and he is making a bigger profit than before. That is because, in producing things by machinery, preparation is nearly everything, and execution, in the strict sense of the word, almost nothing. A workman who always performs the same operation can do it ten times as fast. As the subdivision of operations becomes more minute, the product of each operative increases. As output expands it justifies a more expensive plant, and this again economizes human labor. I have recently discovered, for example, that in making small dynamos at the rate of fifty per day I am justified in employing a plant that enables me to do the work with nine hours' human labor per machine, but that if I were manufacturing two thousand dynamos per day I could install a plant which would enable the same work to be done with one hour's labor, so as to economize eighty-nine per cent on the human effort expended. So the wonderful equipment of American works is explained by high wages not only because, as we imagine over here, machinery is necessary in order to compensate for high rates of pay, but because it is more economical on account of the great market that high wages afford.

Someone may object that, while this may apply to machine-made articles, it cannot affect to the same extent the cost of raw materials. It does so, however, even though the total quantity of materials used remains practically unchanged. Their cost is greatly reduced, where quantity production is the rule throughout the country, because of the economies obtained by handling these materials in mass. For example, a forty-ton car weighs less for every ton of coal it carries than a ten-ton car. The number of men employed to operate a train of three thousand tons is about the same as for a train of three hundred tons. Yard and terminal costs are practically the same in both instances. As a result raw materials can be delivered at a very low cost to plants taking from fifteen to thirty times the quantity taken by an average plant in France, so that this saving more than compensates for the high wages paid to labor.

Were these truths discovered *a priori* in the United States? I do not think so, any more than I think that the relatively low salaries in France are due to a conspiracy among our employers. America's high wages are the natural consequence of the scarcity of labor. In order to attract immigrants it was necessary to pay them well. More regard had to be shown to their wishes. Employers were therefore stimulated to improve their machinery, to standardize operations, to concentrate plants. It was only through a succession of serious crises that the country reached its present equilibrium on a high-wage level.

Someone will object that the lowering of prices by quantity production is more imaginary than real, since the cost of living in the United States is

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nearly double than in France. But let us not deceive ourselves. High prices in America are not absolute prices; they are due to the abundance of gold which has flowed there from all the rest of the world. Goods are not dear, but gold is cheap; while in most other countries gold is dear and practically unobtainable. Should America ship part of her gold abroad, either by lowering her high tariff or by making loans to foreigners, its value would rise there and simultaneously fall elsewhere; and consequently American prices would quickly descend to meet prices in other countries. At present the general price index in the United States is about sixty points higher than before the war, while in most sound-money countries it is about fifty points higher. French currency is in such an abnormal condition that comparisons between these two countries do not count. It would take only a moderate exportation of gold from America to put its prices on practically the same basis as those of the rest of the world.

Furthermore, we must not forget that the price level in the United States is not determined solely by quantity production. As in every other country, there are certain commodities that do not fit into this system; their cost of production remains high. I am inclined to think that if we confine ourselves to standardized articles produced on a quantity basis we shall find their prices lower in America than in the world market, and in some instances about as low as in France today. That is true of cheap automobiles, machine tools, typewriters, safety razors, and most electrical goods. All that keeps these from being exported in large quantities to foreign markets is America's policy of protection, which invites reprisals, and also the fact that such articles are accommodated to the habits and tastes of the American people, which are not invariably those of other nations. In a word, the United States to-day is living very comfortably on its own resources and on a high-wage basis. The high prices that impress us there are mostly for special articles and services, and are due primarily to the abundance of gold. America is in a position to make heavy inroads into foreign markets whenever she desires — that is, whenever she is ready to part with a share of her gold, to open her markets to foreign goods, and to accommodate her products to foreign tastes. This is a possibility which calls for serious thought.

When we consider the effect of high-wage policies in America, and discover that the effect would not be sensibly different if its population were only a half or a third of what it is to-day, we naturally ask ourselves what the result would be were Europe to double or triple its wage scale. I shall not try to answer that question. It would require long and elaborate study. I shall simply try to point out a few of its aspects.

If we compare France and the United States, we find that the latter country has the advantage of possessing all the important raw materials it needs except rubber. It is able to get along, therefore, without importing, and consequently without exporting. We are not in the same situation. We no longer have foreign investments worth mentioning, and we owe large sums abroad. We must have coal, and in larger quantities than ever, even though we utilize our water power to the utmost, if our industries are to keep growing. We must have petroleum, cotton, wool, and silk. We purchase our coffee, tea, and cocoa abroad. Like the Americans, we must also import rubber. Therefore we are compelled, not only to maintain our exports on their former level, but to

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increase them. Just now we are in an abnormal situation on account of the depreciation of the franc. As soon as our currency is restored to a stable basis prices in France will be as high as — and probably higher than — they are in the world market, because of our policy of protection.

In France exports cannot exceed a certain ratio to the home market, for burdened as they are with freights and duties, and meeting as they generally do keen competition abroad, they are not normally very remunerative. Our manufacturing industries as a whole cannot depend upon them for the larger share of their profits, which will always come from home buyers. When a manufacturer's sales abroad exceed a certain fraction of his total sales, he does not get an adequate return upon his capital. Consequently if we are to develop our foreign trade, and even to keep what we have, after we have stabilized our currency, we must likewise develop our domestic market, and we can do this only by increasing our purchasing power. Now America's experience shows that raising wages is one way to augment purchasing power without adding to the price of articles of general consumption. But this occurs only subject to two conditions.

The first condition is that the increase in wages does not lessen the worker's output. We cannot be certain that French employees will respond to such an inducement in the same way as the Americans, who are quick to take advantage of every opportunity to earn more money. It is not uncommon, however, to see a Frenchman let up in his work as soon as he feels that he is earning what he considers a reasonable income. The experience of Great Britain, where wages are higher than in our country but where the output of workers is restricted by habits of thought and trade-union regulations, is particularly instructive. Our own unions are also inclined to limit output. So we have no guaranty that, as long as the mentality of our employees remains what it is to-day, raising wages would increase the product of labor and thereby raise the purchasing power of the working classes.

In the second place, the Frenchman, notwithstanding passing appearances to the contrary, is habitually thrifty. A thrifty country does not increase its home market rapidly. Therefore it has no reason to extend its manufacturing plants, and inevitably winds up by investing its money abroad. That is what happened in our case before the war. It may be unfair to blame our bankers for our preference for foreign investments and for the dwarfing of our home market that resulted from it. Thrift is excellent provided it is not carried to excess. Nevertheless, our national habit of saving may check a healthy growth of consumption and thus prevent a lowering of prices.

Another indispensable condition is that the enlargement of the market by increasing purchasing power should be accompanied by quantity production. In other words, we should not aim to turn out five times as many kinds of merchandise as at present, but five times the quantity of each class of merchandise. Now the Frenchman has such an aversion to standardization, he is so much of an individualist, that the idea that everyone should be dressed in the same fashion, — as in America, — that houses should be built of the same materials and on the same plans, and that all the motor cars should look just alike, seems something dreadful to him. In fact, our individualism is one of the reasons why we cannot pay higher wages.

America, on the other hand, does not dislike uniformity. The people know

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it is the source of their strength, and cultivate it. We have all heard Henry Ford's remark: 'We let our customers select any color they like for their cars, provided it is black.' Not only does the producer bring constant pressure to bear upon his customers to induce them to buy standardized articles, not only does the customer take such articles readily, but the Government itself has established a Bureau of Standards, to coöperate with manufacturers in still further cultivating this tendency. This Bureau tests raw materials, works out the best methods and cheapest processes of production, and labors hand in hand with private industry to establish uniform standards throughout the country. It is indicative of the scanty attention that America gives to foreign trade that this uniformity is specifically American. No attempt is made to cultivate an international goose-step. English units of measure are retained notwithstanding the unquestionable advantage of the metric system. The people realize that they must keep step with each other, but they think they are big enough to get along without keeping step with other countries. This feeling of national solidarity, and in general all community sentiment, is vastly more highly developed than in our country.

Yet American uniformity is utterly unlike the rigid German discipline, nor does it resemble British individualism. It lies somewhere between these two extremes. It is a self-imposed discipline, in which people voluntarily subordinate personal ideas to those of the community of which they are a part, whether that community be 'the Company,' the industry as a whole, the city, the state, or the republic.

I had abundant opportunity to observe this community sentiment during my visit. In one city where I stopped the Y. M. C. A. wished to erect a new building as a sort of combination club and hotel where young men could have a home at a moderate expense under good moral surroundings. They estimated that such a building would cost six hundred thousand dollars. The town had about one hundred thousand inhabitants. It was a factory centre. The people were engineers, superintendents, retail tradesmen, and workingmen. It was necessary to raise six dollars per capita in that town. The managers of the campaign got together representatives of all the different churches, and also of non-churchmen, and persuaded them to take a part. The principal factory was induced to subscribe a third as much as the total collections from other sources. A six-day campaign was started. Two hundred well-disposed gentlemen and ladies from all ranks of life, of all religious creeds, and of all ages, enrolled themselves as canvassers. They met together every noon at luncheon, reporting the results of their labors. By the fifth day they had already raised their six hundred thousand dollars. Allowing for the fact that the average person in the United States is able to give nearly two and one-half times as much as the average person in France, this was equivalent to raising in a French city of the same size and for an analogous purpose eight million francs, or eighty francs per capita, or three hundred francs per family. What success do you suppose we should have had in such a campaign? What prospect would there have been of enlisting the services of two hundred business men for a disinterested labor of this kind, and of getting the sum proposed?

Another example: Although competition between business houses is very keen, they always have a lively

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sentiment of common interest. I personally know a case where a big enterprise, after advertising heavily in order to interest a community in a better lighting system, discovered that its principal competitor had secured the contract. Thereupon this company went to its competitor and placed at its disposal, without charge, all its own plans and computations, so that it could put in a plant above criticism. The managers considered that a well-satisfied public was worth more to their own business than what they would lose by turning over a part of their market to a competent rival. Moreover, the competitor accepted the favor without any false pride. Can you imagine that happening in France?

Still another example: Several times when visiting large works it seemed to me that it was very difficult to place responsibility — two or three different departments often overlapped. When I pointed this out I was told: 'All three are held responsible. We have no disagreements among ourselves, for that would damage our customers.' I then asked a superior officer of the company, under whose supervision all three departments were, if this was really the case, and he told me it was. The first thought of everybody concerned was to make the business go. The heads of the three departments were too fully occupied with that to think of personal glory.

Possibly this spirit of solidarity comes easier in a country where money is abundant and making a living presents few difficulties. But I imagine that national temperament has a good deal to do with it. The Anglo-Saxons and the Germans have preserved the spirit of the herd, of the tribe, of the clan, better than we have. This is one secret of their strength. The Americans have inherited this spirit, though they may have modified it by the personal initiative and enterprise which they have learned as pioneers. In general, I believe the American attaches more importance to professional solidarity than we do. He is more open and less secretive. His pride, and perhaps his self-reliance, encourage him to advertise his methods. The patent laws also favor this.

A visitor is better received in an American factory, and shown around with far greater freedom, than he would be in France. One of my friends, a proprietor of a hat factory which exports quite largely, visited the United States at the same time that I did. He told me that he was welcomed in American factories as a competitor, and without any special introductions, and that the proprietors apparently had nothing that they desired to keep from his knowledge. They did not try to evade his questions, and even volunteered information as to the details of their improvements. That is an evidence of strength, and stimulates progress by advertising it.

At Harvard University, where there is a business school, I was told that many manufacturers and merchants send in detailed accounts of the commercial, financial, and other problems they have to meet, and allow these problems to be given to the students of the school for solution. There is something fine in this readiness to share the lessons of experience for the good of all. I consider it only one more aspect of the American community spirit, and I think I am right in saying that it is something very different from German discipline.

Similar differences present themselves in business organization. That of Germany is methodical, theoretical, uniform, and rigid. That of the United States is intuitive, practical, and elastic. It has one quality in

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common with that of Germany — it is very expensive. Wherever I went in the United States I was impressed by the large number of office men employed, although labor-saving devices are far more common than in France. An electric service district there has a much larger personnel for the same number of subscribers than we have in France. Clerical employees work rapidly and accurately, thanks to arrangements which give them an interest in their output, but other members of office staffs — whose services call for mental initiative and imagination — seem to work very little. It is not uncommon to discover several employees who have almost the same duties and who get into each other's way. Responsibility, as I have just said, is rarely well defined, and the functions of employees are not always clearly fixed. There is a great multiplication of paper work, and the compilation of statistics has reached a point where only a fraction of the results is of any practical use. In a word, my first impression was of a waste of energy, particularly when I compared the offices with the shops, where everybody was working feverishly and the output was enormous.

On maturer reflection, however, I am inclined to reconsider my first opinion. To begin with, the shop, which is the producer, is the result of long and careful planning. The men who do this planning may look like idlers, but the result in physical products is tremendous. It is the same way with merchandising. Every transaction is pushed through to a conclusion. No customer, actual or potential, has reason to complain of neglect. Managers invariably have time to attend to everything. When we consider the harm one discontented customer may do to a commercial establishment, we discover that we rarely pay too high for a satisfied clientele. Yet that is something that cannot be secured without an ample staff.

While there is a multiplicity of papers, all important and urgent questions are settled by telephone. Papers merely confirm what has been done orally. They are memoranda. There is a good deal of vague division of responsibility, but the people among whom it is divided do not quarrel over their respective functions. Differences of opinion are easily smoothed out because no one makes it a point of personal honor to have his way. Last of all, managers and superintendents, relieved of a mass of detail and provided with every labor-saving appliance, have time to think. The thinking of an intelligent man about the business in his charge is generally worth his salary; and time for reflection may be more needed in America than in France, because the people over there do not think as quickly as we do.

Unquestionably this type of organization is well adapted to the United States, because of the team spirit I have mentioned and the large market to be supplied. In France our individualism calls for services more definitely defined, for more precise responsibility, for a distribution of duties that brings out each man's personal contribution to the final result. That is why we divide our offices into little stalls, between which communication is carried on slowly and laboriously in writing. The narrowness of our market makes each man's duties more complicated; he has to think of numerous details, and has little time for reflection. Unfortunately, rapidity of thought is no substitute for meditation.

Whether or not my analysis is right, the large office staffs in America do result in constant and rapid progress. The engineer has time to think of improvements. On the other hand, in France our progress is all too often

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forced upon us by the exigencies of the moment, because we are faced by a new problem that demands an immediate solution, or because we find someone else has already devised a better way than our own of doing things, or because some man of inventive imagination, of whom we have many, has chanced upon an ingenious short-cut. Across the Atlantic they make progress because people are thinking about it all the time. Progress is the corner stone of American industry. Even the vast market that industry controls would soon be overstocked if the idea of progress were not deeply rooted in the national mind. In order to keep expanding, the American cannot afford to wait for new needs to arise spontaneously; he must go out and create these needs. It is a wonderful thing to see how everything over there is centred on this one idea of progress.

DELHI, OLD AND NEW[1]

BY LUCIANO MAGRINI

IMAGINE a living city, together with a new official city in process of building, set down amid the mouldering remains of a city long since dead. Conceive an Appian Way of Mohammedan India, with a broad zone of ancient ruins on either hand, skirting the limpid waters of a sacred river, in a sunny plain that recalls at times the Roman Campagna. That describes approximately the site of Delhi. In the days of its greatest glory the city had two million inhabitants. To-day it has not more than a fourth that number, mostly Mohammedans, many of whom are of an accentuated Semitic type.

Since early times a new Delhi has always existed here in Northern India, close to an older and decaying city; for Delhi has been buried and resurrected until it is a symbol of mortality and immortality in stone and mortar. Each new incarnation has shunned the ruins of its predecessor. Thus it is that traces of abandoned buildings cover all the country around the modern city — mute but eloquent witnesses of its vanished forbears.

Invasion and revolution have alternated here. Tamerlane and Nadir twice swept over the town within five centuries; and seventy years ago the Sepoy revolt, the momentary restoration of the Grand Mogul's empire, and the quick return of the British, subjected it to two bitter sieges, each with its sequel of blood and butchery.

Delhi's ruins, in fact, record the most tragic episodes in India's millennial history. Upon her barbarian invasions spent their fury; at her gates Mohammedan fanaticism met Hindu exaltation; and India's age-old civilization was overwhelmed, and temporarily obliterated, by a savage inrush from the deserts. Her annals are a long chronicle of religious persecutions and massacres, interspersed with oases of

[1] From *La Stampa* (Turin Independent daily), *August* 11

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peace and grandeur under enlightened sultans. The conquerors who pitched their tents among the ruins of her temples were themselves subdued by Jain architecture and Brahman wisdom, and borrowed the civilization of the vanquished. Indeed, they refined and broadened India's art to express their vaster vision and bolder ambition. So there arose upon the ruins of the Jain temples a new architecture, incorporating many native elements, but receiving its inspiration from the Mohammedan-Arab world.

Only a few scattered and nearly obliterated ruins of the two ancient Hindu cities survive. A pair of mutilated columns, with carvings which can probably be ascribed to the wise King Asoka, are all that is left to record the epoch of triumphant Buddhism. The Mohammedan conquest, however, has left imposing memorials on every hand. Near one end of the great field of ruins the *Kutb Minar* of the Mosque of Ala-ud-din, the most ancient in India, lifts its slender column two hundred and twenty-five feet above the plain. It is built from the fragments of twenty-seven Jain temples. This minaret, which legend says was erected by a sultan to give his favorite daughter a beautiful view over the river, is well preserved. For three fourths of its height its architectonic lines suggest three superimposed segments each formed by clusters of columns. The abandoned and ruined mosque abounds in native decorative motifs, built into it with the carved stones of destroyed Jain temples. A severe corridor of Hindu pilasters reveals in all its ornamental details adaptations of the carvings of anterior temples, purified according to Moslem rite — though not always completely — of every suggestion of human or animal figures in the sculpturings of the conquered.

Near the Mosque of Ala-ud-din are a great pointed arch and numerous other ruins. Between this empty and deserted sepulchre of the oldest Mohammedan city in India and modern Delhi stretch miles and miles of abandoned ruins — citadels; walled enclosures; mutilated remnants of ancient monumental buildings surrounded by traces of former parks; formless and nameless remains of mouldering palaces and streets; pompous tombs of great but forgotten personages, built of red sandstone, with a profusion of white marble trimming; pointed arches; towers, loges, colonnades; isolated pillars; decorative stone lanterns; minarets; swelling domes, whose fractured and broken cement still shows traces of the blue and yellow tile that once encrusted it; terraces; balustrades; airy little balconies that look like playthings hanging against solid, austere walls; huge blocks of stone scattered at haphazard where they have fallen, with their ancient mortar still clinging to them, from the heavy cornices of old mausoleums; and the solid skeletons of vast edifices and retaining walls, recalling the massive ruins of ancient Rome.

A few hundred peasants live in miserable hovels amid these ruins. But the only sign of life which connects the present and the past in this desolate solitude is an occasional offering of flowers piously laid by unknown hands before some venerable tomb, whose lordly guardian, unlike the Indian guides who besiege you for baksheesh in Hindu holy places, never begs alms, but accepts what you voluntarily offer him with dignified reserve.

Among the more notable ruins, both in size and in historical importance, is the mausoleum of Humayun, the descendant of Tamerlane, and the first Mogul emperor buried in India.

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This structure stands in a vast walled park surrounding a citadel. Although nearly four centuries have passed since his death, a few offerings of fresh roses still lie before his marble tomb. This emperor, whose life was a constant campaign against his enemies, is described by his biographers as an astronomer, a geographer, and a poet. The guide points out with a real show of emotion where he fell, assassinated one summer night as he stood studying the constellations. This mausoleum commemorates another tragic event, for it was here that part of the court of the last Mogul emperor took refuge after the brief restoration that followed the Sepoy revolt. The English discovered the hiding place, and the nonagenarian emperor was captured in a little chamber of the mausoleum where he had sought safety. The inside window of red sandstone, beautifully carved into an ornamental lattice, still shows battle scars.

Modern Delhi is enclosed in a massive crenelated wall of red sandstone, pierced by imposing, monumental gates. A long, broad avenue traverses the city, ending in a wide, open space dominated by the Grand Mosque and the reddish walls of the Citadel containing the ancient imperial palace. This palace is a wonderland of white marble, graceful contours, abounding light and air, spacious porticoes, slender columns supporting gracefully pointed arches, balustrades and windows patiently carved in delicate vinelike patterns, walls lavishly decorated with flower garlands and other ornamental motifs inlaid in colored stone, matchless harmonies of colored marble, verdant gardens, glistening rectangular water mirrors, and gurgling fountains. A real Arabian Nights palace! Superb audience halls of exquisitely simple lines are preserved. The private apartments and pavilions reserved for the beauties of the sultan's court are like jewelers' work. A little private mosque, exquisitely designed of white marble, fully justifies its century-old name, 'The Pearl.'

Every detail of the palace bears witness to the painstaking care with which its materials were selected and wrought. The great throne, brought from Persia several centuries ago together with the Kohinoor diamond, was of solid gold, and rested on two enormous peacocks whose spread tails were set with huge precious stones. Among the wonders that visitors to the court were permitted to behold was a parrot of natural size carved from a single emerald. Thus was justified the imperial pride that had carved on the Citadel of Delhi this significant inscription: 'If there is a paradise on earth, it is here, it is here.'

Next to the Citadel, upon a lofty platform reached by a broad staircase, rises the largest and most interesting mosque in India, and perchance in the Mussulman world. Its predecessor was a simple and primitive building — a square platform open to the sky, with a wall to indicate the direction of Mekka. As the structure gradually evolved in the hands of succeeding architects it preserved the plan of this primitive temple. The faithful gather for prayer on a vast platform, in the centre of which stands a great basin for their ablutions. Beyond rises the mosque proper, with its two lofty minarets and three swelling domes. The size, the dignity, the graceful simplicity, and the harmonious proportions of the great central square, with its portal surmounted by a pointed arch, where red sandstone and white marble and beautiful arabesques are cunningly alternated with studied effect, fascinate the visitor.

Were the mosque to stand apart

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from its surroundings it would seem cold and lifeless, but as it is it forms a perfect background for the square, completing perfectly the picture presented by the vast level space and its impressive enclosing walls. This is particularly true when the square is filled with the faithful at their devotions. More than once just at sunset have I left the noisy and animated street below to ascend the steps and gaze in upon this great silent body of kneeling worshipers. Not a sound, not the slightest note of discord, troubled the mystic atmosphere that enwrapped men and buildings and threw into relief the majesty of the temple silhouetted against the cobalt sky, while the radiance of the setting sun touched for a moment the motionless mass of worshipers, like Allah's blessing.

What a contrast between this solemn, lucid, harmonious simplicity and the shadowy chaos of idols and rites in the Hindu temples — between this absolute silence and their clanging gongs, howling voices, and clash of discordant instruments!

In this mosque are preserved the most treasured Mussulman relics in India — a slipper, a belt, scraps of clothing, and even a hair from the beard of the Prophet. Nadir sat in one of its minarets and watched the burning of Delhi and the slaughter of its inhabitants. He did not descend until three days had passed, when one hundred thousand corpses were scattered amid its still smoking and blood-drenched ruins.

Repeatedly during her tragic history has Delhi renewed her population. After each great cataclysm an inflow of people from all directions has filled her — Mohammedans, Hindus, Sikhs, Jains, Afghans, Himalayan tribesmen, and immigrants from Bengal, Nepal, and Kashmir. Immediately after the town was besieged and captured by the English in 1857 it was virtually deserted, but newcomers flocked in to occupy the houses of the former residents, to take up their humble tasks, to start again the wheels of trade and industry.

After sharing for a moment the mystic silence of the Great Mosque, the motley crowd that populates Delhi to-day seems miserable and decadent. But one need only enter one of the antique shops that cluster in the vicinity to recover respect for the hereditary skill of the Indian artisan. Real treasures everywhere greet the eye. The ancient magnificence of the city of stone and mortar may have passed away, but it still survives in an art transmitted from father to son, and expressed in the thousand articles of rarest workmanship — wrought silver, delicate miniatures, inlaid sandalwood, carved ivory, marvelous brocades, Kashmir shawls, and embroidery. Yes, the art that gave joy to the Grand Mogul still lives.

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A GERMAN-AMERICAN INSURGENT [1]

BY MILTON WALDMAN

SINCE the appearance of Mr. Dreiser's first novel in 1900 his position in the United States has been constantly growing in importance, until of recent years he has been accepted by many, if not most, of the younger rebels responsible for the post-war intellectual ferment in that country as its principal novelist. For a long time he was read only by the nucleus of this now large circle, but with the suppression of *The Genius* in 1915, because of its alleged indecencies, his name became known to a wider public, and his last novel, *An American Tragedy*, which appeared in 1925 after an interval of ten years, attained very nearly, if not quite, to the rank of best-seller. To that interval belongs *A Book about Myself*, which recounts the story of his life, his early poverty, his struggles to obtain success as a newspaper writer, and the variety of experiences upon which his novels are based. He is also the author of several volumes of stories, sketches, and plays, but I propose to deal only with the novels, six in number. He is now fifty-five years of age.

The ancient controversy between form and matter has never been more acutely illustrated than in the works of this writer. It might almost be said of them without exaggeration that in them the former does not exist. They are lacking, not only in those graces which are suggested to our minds by the word 'style,' but even in the elementary niceties of vocabulary, grammar, and punctuation ordinarily deemed indispensable in the writing of prose. They possess no structure save that of chronology, the progress of their central figures from year to year. These defects are admitted by even the most enthusiastic of his admirers. It is in the substance of his narratives alone that we must look, therefore, for those qualities which have gained for him a position among American writers unique in his generation.

The theory at the heart of Mr. Dreiser's work is that of human irresponsibility. He appears to believe that men's destinies are due fundamentally to no faults or weaknesses of their own, but that through some chemical quality in their composition they are pushed and pulled about for ends of which they are unaware. His point of view is not the 'divine irony' of Sophocles, Shakespeare, or Hardy; he does not conceive the human race as toys in the hands of the malicious gods. It is merely that he sees persons of various abilities, interests, and, more than all, of highly variable desires, forced against their will into grooves of conduct which are unsuitable to them, and their unhappiness as a result of this forcing process. Whether they be passive, as are Carrie Meeber and Jennie Gerhardt, or active, as Cowperwood, his Financier, or Witla, his Genius, forces within or without eventually lead them to a course of conduct discordant with

[1] From the *London Mercury* (literary monthly), *July*

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society's petty laws and hence leading to destruction. These facets of his attitude are set forth respectively in the following quotations. The first is from *The Financier:* —

> The damnable scheme of things which we call existence brings about conditions whereby whole masses suffer who have no cause to suffer, and, on the other hand, whole masses joy who have no cause to joy. It rains on the just and the unjust impartially. We suffer for our temperaments, which we did not make, and for our weaknesses and lacks, which are no part of our willing or doing. Who by taking thought can add one cubit to his stature? Who can make his brain better? His thoughts swifter? His courage greater? Who is it that can do anything it was not given him to do? All good things are gifts. There are no *creations* of the mind alone. Creations, achievements, distinguished results, always sink back into so many other things. They have their roots in inherited ability, in environment, in fortune, in a lucky star. There is no possible contradiction of this. It is so. So was it ever. So will it be from everlasting to everlasting.

The other is from *The Genius:* —

> He was always thinking in his private conscience that life was somehow bigger and subtler and darker than any given theory or order of living. It might well be worth while for a man or woman to be honest and moral within a given condition of quality or society, but it did not matter at all in the ultimate substance and composition of the universe. Any form or order of society which hoped to endure must have individuals like Mrs. Blue, who would conform to the highest standards and theories of that society, and when found they were admirable, but they meant nothing in the shifting, subtle forces of nature. They were just accidental harmonies blossoming out of something which meant everything here to this order, nothing to the universe at large.

Out of all these conclusions arises the pity which is the outstanding quality of his mind. He has a vast capacity for this emotion, feeling it for those who suffer and for those by whom their suffering is caused, for the stupid whom the world hurts and who cannot appreciate the cause of their hurt, and for the clever, constrained by that composite stupidity to the limitation of the energy within them. His pity is sometimes misplaced, but that is because of his view of the world, which is essentially anarchical, rebellious, and sentimental; but of this we shall be able to speak more definitely later.

The first novel in point of time, *Sister Carrie*, describes the career of its heroine from her first appearance in Chicago in search of work to her final triumph as an actress. In the meantime she succumbs to necessity and becomes the mistress of a traveling salesman who at that time represents to her all the refinements of existence. From him she is stolen by a prosperous publican, who eventually descends to the depths of spiritual and material degradation because of her. Save for the multitude of details in relation to his heroine's environment and the character of the sex-ridden publican, the book is lacking in most of its author's qualities, particularly in that sense of implacable hostility of all nature to his hero or heroine which is present in all of his subsequent novels.

Jennie Gerhardt appeared eleven years after *Sister Carrie*, and in it Mr. Dreiser displays a considerable advance from the earlier work; in many ways it is his best novel. Jennie, like Carrie, is destined through her own ignorance and poverty to become the mistress of a rich man, but she is a far more appealing figure than the other; at times she rises very near to great heights and suggests the somewhat analogous figures of Tess and Esther Waters. She is the daughter of poor, strait-laced German parents, and is seduced by a

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rich statesman to whom she succumbs out of gratitude rather than passion. His sudden death leaves her in a very dubious position, from which she is rescued presently by a wealthy bachelor, who sets her up in a left-handed ménage without knowing her previous history. The fear of discovery, her growing attachment for him, and his for her, the pressure of his powerful family to break the liaison, her treatment at the hands of a smug society, and her eventual loss of him, first to another woman, and then to death, constitute the most moving tale Mr. Dreiser has ever told. *Jennie Gerhardt* contains most of the faults of the other novels, which will be elaborated presently; it is verbose, overfull of detail, badly written, on certain strata of society badly characterized, but the author feels his tale poignantly, and rarely permits himself to be deviated from it by social strictures or other incidental matters.

The Financier and *The Titan* trace the long career of Frank Cowperwood as a power in the kaleidoscopic financial world of the America of the latter half of the nineteenth century. The hero, as a boy in Philadelphia, the son of a minor bank official, early evinces an extraordinary acumen in money matters and builds up for himself a large fortune by cunning and corruption. At the same time, however, he arouses the enmity of irresistible political powers because his unbridled sexual nature entangles him with a young girl after his marriage with a woman older than himself, and the first volume concludes with his financial downfall and sentence to prison. In the succeeding volume he marries the girl who was indirectly responsible for this dénouement and moves to Chicago, where he resumes his earlier practices, financial, political, and sexual, on a larger scale and with somewhat the same results. *The Titan* is not only inferior to its immediate predecessor, but to all Mr. Dreiser's later books, because it is merely a detailed account of vulgar brutality, chicanery, and disgusting looseness. The figure of the hero does not develop, but is merely covered to a greater and greater depth with the coarse scales of his own tedious crimes and infidelities.

The career of Eugene Witla, the hero of *The Genius*, is that of Frank Cowperwood with certain modifications due rather to the career than to the character of the man. Witla, like nearly all Mr. Dreiser's heroes, is born in comparative poverty in a small Mid-Western town, but early shows evidences of ability as an artist, and, after a certain amount of training and newspaper experience in Chicago, goes to New York, where, at a very early age, he gains an immense *succès d'estime* as a painter. His flair, as one naturally expects in the case of a Dreiser hero, is for raw, crude, pulsating life depicted in colors to which the same adjectives are applicable. Like Cowperwood, he marries a woman older than himself and quickly tires of her, and, also like Cowperwood, is constantly unfaithful to her until his affection centres upon a young girl of eighteen. Both of these lust-crazed men have a pathological longing for that particular epoch in a girl's life, but in Witla's case it is not quite so revolting as in the other, where the attachment culminates when the man is well on in old age. During a long sickness the painter abandons his art and works as a laborer. He eventually enters the publishing field and builds up a large income, but his career is also destroyed by his luckless *amour*. In the end, after his wife dies in childbirth, he returns to his painting.

The last of the novels relates the career of Clyde Griffiths, whose family are itinerant evangelists in the Mid-

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Western states. The boy takes a position as page in a hotel, where he becomes obsessed with a craving for the material luxury which he sees all about him. From early adolescence he too manifests an abnormal interest in the other sex, and is at length compelled to flee to another city because of an unfortunate occurrence. He comes into contact with a rich uncle, a manufacturer in a small trading city, and is given a place in the latter's business. The uncle's family somewhat resents this kindness, and his son, who resembles too clearly the villain of one of Mr. Horatio Alger's books for boys, particularly resents the appearance of the newcomer. Driven back on himself, Clyde has an affair with one of the factory girls for a time. He is at length taken up by local society, and led to believe that an heiress is in love with him and would marry him. Unfortunately for him, the other girl becomes pregnant, and he is faced hourly with exposure. As the only means of ridding himself of this encumbrance he entices the girl away to a remote lake and drowns her. This event takes place about halfway through the book, and the rest is merely a long account of his detection, his trial, the various appeals made on his behalf, and his ultimate death in the electric chair.

We see, then, how Mr. Dreiser's works group themselves and how closely they resemble one another, all issuing from his characteristic point of view. Carrie and Jennie disobey society's mandates through weakness, and through no faults of their own are punished; this is fairly commonplace. Cowperwood, Witla, and Clyde Griffiths, however, deliberately select corruption and immorality, their demand for material and sexual satisfaction exceeding their respect for the laws which would restrain them. The last-named is perhaps a little closer to Jennie than the Nietzschean figures of the other two men, since his fate comes from the panic of weakness rather than the choice of his strength.

It must be granted that, on the whole, he has succeeded with these characters. One feels, I think, that Jennie is wistful, pathetic, and innately a good woman, that Cowperwood has force and the cunning necessary for his financial success, that Witla possesses the hand and the eye of an artist, and that Clyde Griffiths was born to be a murderer. The means by which these impressions are achieved are unnecessarily tedious — repetition and trivial incident without end. There is a certain glory to the author in the very fact that he has surmounted incredible handicaps and, through the maze of his own verbosity, impressed upon the readers' minds the pictures which originated in his own.

In incidental matters he is perhaps not so fortunate. One questions, I think, the 'artistic' nature of Jennie and Cowperwood — the 'subtlety' and latent commercial talent of Witla. The inadequacy of the author's language and the limitations of his experience betray him. He is incurably naïve; his conception of how people act and speak in wealthy society is childlike. A young girl from the Four Hundred itself carries on the following conversation: —

'Yes, this is,' she replied laughingly. 'Can I give you a cup of tea, Mr. Witla? I know you are Mr. Witla from ma-mà's description and the way in which you talk to everybody.'

'And how do I talk to everybody, may I ask, pleasum?'

'Oh, I can't tell you so easily. I mean, I can't find the words, you know. I know how it is, though. Familiarly, I suppose I mean. Will you have one lump or two?'

'Three an thou pleasest. Did n't your mother tell me you sang or played?'

'Oh, you must n't believe anything

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ma-mà says about me! She's apt to say anything. Tee! Hee! It makes me laugh' — she pronounced it laaf — 'to think of my playing. My teacher says he would like to strike my knuckles. Oh, dear!' (She went into a gale of giggles.) 'And sing! Oh, dear, dear! That is too good!'

And he describes the following as 'stimulating talk': —

'What's the damage?' he smiled. 'I've been extremely rushed. I suppose something like ninety stripes will serve me about right.'

'Ninety stripes, indeed!' she retorted. 'You're letting yourself off easy. What is it they do to evildoers in Siam?'

'Boil them in oil, I suppose.'

'Well, anyhow, that's more like. I'm thinking of something terrible.'

And again, a 'cultured' matron distressed at her daughter's conduct comports herself as follows: —

'I love him. Of course, I love him. What is there so strange about that?'

'What is strange? Are you in your right mind? Oh, my poor, dear little girl! My Suzanne! Oh, that villain! That scoundrel! To come into my house and make love to you, my darling child! How should you know? How could I expect you to understand? Oh, Suzanne! for my sake, for the love of Heaven, hush! Never breathe it! Never say that terrible thing to me again! Oh, dear! Oh, dear!! Oh, dear!!! That I should live to see this! My child! My Suzanne! My lovely, beautiful Suzanne! I shall die unless I can stop this! I shall die! I shall die!'

These examples might be multiplied indefinitely. The secret of the whole matter will be revealed to one who reads *A Book about Myself*, because it shows that its author is most convincing in describing his characters when their environments and experiences most nearly parallel his own. The thoughts that come to other men by way of books he discovered hardly for himself comparatively late in life, but he remains unaware that they have long been current among folk who could absorb them at second hand. When he portrays Cowperwood's state of mind on the Stock Exchange at the age of twenty-one he says: 'It is not possible to say how a boy of twenty-one should come by such subtle thoughts; but he had.' And the subtle thoughts are the following: —

Here men came down to the basic facts of life — the necessity of self-care and protection. There was no talk, or very little there, of honor. There were rules of conduct which men observed because they had to. So far as he could see, force governed this world — hard, cold force and quickness of brain. If one had force, plenty of it, quickness of wit and subtlety, there was no need for anything else. Some people might be pretending to be guided by other principles — ethical and religious, for instance; they might actually be so guided — he could not tell. If they were, they were following false or silly standards. In those directions lay failure. To get what you could and hold it fast, without being too cruel, certainly not to individuals — that was the thing to do, and he genially ignored or secretly pitied those who believed otherwise.

It is probably this combined lack of diversified reading and social contacts which is responsible, not only for the gaucheries of his style, faults of grammar, lack of relation between word and sentence and sentence and paragraph, but also for the dull tonelessness of his words. He chooses them without discrimination, and they resemble a pile of leaden coins whose surfaces have been worn flat and whose bodies evoke no resonance. Here is his description of an event: —

And then out of the north woods a crime sensation of the first magnitude, with all of those intriguingly colorful, and yet morally and spiritually atrocious, elements — love, romance, wealth, poverty, death.

And here of a man: —

This was George W. Stener, the new city

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treasurer elect, who, to begin with, was a puppet in the hands of other men; but who, also, in spite of this fact, became a personage of considerable significance, for the simple fact that he was weak. Stener had been a real-estate dealer and insurance man in a small way before he was made city treasurer. He was one of those men, of whom there are so many thousands in every large community, who have no breadth of vision, no real subtlety, no craft, no great skill in anything. He was not a bad real-estate dealer. He could follow up small trades with avidity, talk a blacksmith, a mechanic, a grocer, or a moderate professional man into taking out a life-insurance policy — if the latter was so inclined — or into buying a lot; but he had no idea of any of the superior affairs of the world. You would never hear a new idea emanating from Stener. He never had one in his life. Now and then someone would drop a real thought which seemed quite wonderful to him, or he would hear of something which he could make use of in his business. He was not a bad fellow. He had a stodgy, dusty, commonplace look to him which was more a matter of his mind than his body. His eye was of vague gray-blue; his hair a dusty light-brown and thin. His mouth — there was nothing impressive there. He was quite tall, nearly six feet, with moderately broad shoulders; but his figure was anything but shapely — not at all satisfactory.

In both passages will be noticed that almost entire reliance upon adjectives and adverbs which mar so fine a thing as the funeral scene at the end of *Jennie Gerhardt* and upon the massed details which obscure the splendidly dramatic effect of Angela's death in *The Genius* and of Clyde's pathetic fate in *An American Tragedy*. In the whole vast extent of Mr. Dreiser's prose it is almost impossible to find a sentence distinguished for its phrasing — probably no man alive has written so many words with so restricted a vocabulary.

Not only does he fail to find the adequate word, — falling back on 'artistic' (as often as half-a-dozen times in one page), 'nice,' 'fine,' 'rather,' 'comparatively,' 'significant,' 'distinguished,' 'crazy,' or 'wild' (in the sense of eager), — but he commits solecisms which are incomprehensible. Sometimes they are actually amusing, as when he says: —

'I don't care a damn what Mr. Colfax will or can do!' he replied *sententiously*.

Or when he speaks of brokers pinning 'bits of paper, ribbon, or other *voluminous* articles' to a man's coat-tails. He misuses constantly such words as 'subtle,' 'fulsome' ('to live richly, joyously, fulsomely'), 'halcyon' ('*rather* halcyon days'), 'personality' (for 'person'), 'sumptuary,' and many others even more familiar. The result is that not only does he fail to get full value out of his sentences for his thoughts, but he frequently distorts the very thoughts themselves and leads the reader into hopeless bewilderment. Many of his countrymen, notably his disciple, Mr. Sherwood Anderson, share his deafness to the rhythm and flow of prose; but no man of a reputation at all comparable to his now writing in English, or, so far as I am aware, in any other language, is so poor as he in the tools of his craft.

However, as we remarked above, he contrives through the maze of his own tortuous style to create the figures to which his imagination has given birth. So far he is an artist, and a sufficiently important one to make it of interest to discern, if possible, and to discuss his philosophy, the view of life which these half-dozen novels illustrate. The outlines of this philosophy I have indicated above, and he sets it forth himself clearly in the quotation from *The Genius* which is given in the third paragraph of this article. Cowperwood, Witla, and Griffiths are in his view irresponsible men — irresponsible in the sense that they could not help vio-

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lating the laws of the social order because of some 'chemical' force within themselves. He is in accord with the greatest masters of tragic writing in believing that such violations must inevitably lead to disaster on the part of the violator. He goes a step further than they, however, in holding that either obedience or disobedience to this order, whatever the consequence, is of trivial importance in the great scheme of things, that there is no relation between man's system of order and nature's.

This may all be very true, and Mr. Dreiser is not the first to attempt to set up by means of metaphysical agnosticism a law beyond the knowledge of jurisprudence, ethics, and religion. Undoubtedly there are blemishes in the administration of these more commonplace laws, but to assume that violation of them or obedience to them indifferently gives one an equal standing before that vague and remote higher order is, if not a dangerous, certainly a futile method of thought. Mr. Dreiser does not make the mistake which smaller men often do, of allowing his offenders a plea before the bar of psychoanalysis, — in other words, a lower court than that of the human conscience, — but he does hold out to them the hope of a successful plea before a higher one. But in order to plead before this latter court it is necessary first to make sure that it exists, and then to find out that it will accept jurisdiction of our mortal affairs. And, after all, we only read novels, so far as we know, in this world.

Mr. Dreiser is known in his own country as a rebel, and, as I said in the beginning, is widely acknowledged as a leader of rebels. Rebellion in America at present is directed almost exclusively at one object — uniformity. Mr. Sinclair Lewis, as I indicated in a previous article in this series, is rebelling against the leveling process as it affects the individual's mind. Mr. Dreiser deplores its effects upon his emotions. Mr. Lewis can set up a comparison with a cosmopolitan culture more tolerant than that of his own country, while Mr. Dreiser is forced to postulate a culture, so to speak, higher than any known to humanity, because the laws which his characters violate are, broadly speaking, universal among human beings. It may be, and probably is, true that these laws are at times enforced more rigorously and indiscriminately in America than elsewhere in certain respects, but nowhere would the crimes of which his heroes are guilty be even moderately condoned. Mr. Dreiser, however, sees these laws in action only in his own country; consequently his bitterness against them and his incidents of their fallibility are somewhat local. Certainly it is true that the particular temptations which these figures undergo, and the opportunities which they sustain, are more likely to occur in America than in any other country.

Like most rebels, Mr. Dreiser does not know where to stop. Because it is stupid to object to the nude in art, one must admire bad painters like Bouguereau because they specialize in the nude. Because a puritan community does not admit that there can be any love outside marriage, the entire institution of marriage is illogical and indefensible. Because a community does not sufficiently discriminate between life and the productions of an artist, that community is blind to art altogether. As in a famous recent instance, one must believe literally in the Bible or accept *The Descent of Man* to its last cloudy hypothesis. Mr. Dreiser is valuable for the light he casts, not only on his country's limitations, but on the dark avenues by

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which escape from those limitations is to be achieved.

Nevertheless, he is a striking figure, brave in his day for what almost alone he attempted to defy, full of that seeking and courage which are two of the highest attributes of man. His picture-sense is strong, and he has the ability to work on vast canvases beyond almost anyone alive. The gift of beautiful language was denied him, but in his very efforts to articulate he achieved to a large extent a picture of the dynamic but inarticulate community about him, and certainly to him in large measure is due the flowering which the world confidently expects in the near future of American literature.

FOR HE IS AN ENGLISHMAN[1]

BY HUGH A. LAW

'*Un Anglais, c'est un imbécile; deux Anglais, c'est un* "match"; *trois Anglais, c'est une grande nation.*' So runs one of a series of epigrams on the peoples of Europe reported to have been coined in the leisure moments of the Secretariat of the League of Nations. It would be hard to beat as a summary of the characteristics of that astonishing race which, like the caterpillar of *John Bull's Other Island*, is at once ridiculous and formidable. Almost any one Englishman one meets as one goes about the world seems stupider than one would have thought possible. Put two of them together, and it is long odds they will begin at once — and continue indefinitely — to talk cricket or golf. Give three of them their heads anywhere, and within six months they will be ruling the roost, very much to their own satisfaction, and quite probably to the advantage, if not altogether to the joy, of whatever lesser breeds may be found in the occupied territory. But what is much more surprising than those aptitudes for organization and rule which have manifested themselves all over the habitable globe is this fact, of which one only slowly becomes aware (the Englishman being strangely shy of revealing this side of himself), that the man who seems at first to have no ideas beyond his business and his games should so often turn out, on closer acquaintance, to be something of a humanist, a philosopher, and a poet.

These observations, trite and seemingly remote as they may appear, are perhaps not altogether irrelevant to a consideration of the published speeches and addresses of the present Prime Minister of England. Prime Minister of Great Britain is, no doubt, the more correct title, but it is impossible to think of Mr. Baldwin — though he had, it appears, a Scottish great-grandfather — as anything but an Englishman. Indeed, in the address which forms the title of this volume he boldly admits to 'a feeling of satisfaction and profound thankfulness that he may use the word "England" without some fellow at the back of the room shouting

[1] From the *Irish Statesman* (Dublin Independent weekly), *August* 14

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out "Britain"' — a very proper and honorable frame of mind, and vastly preferable to that mute and 'treelike self-sufficiency' which Stevenson observed in the Anglo-Saxon.

Mr. Baldwin is in many ways typical of the best sort of Englishman, and in nothing more than in his rarely displayed reserves of power, knowledge, and subtlety. Most members of the House of Commons were, I imagine, surprised when, in June 1917, the little-known back-bencher was suddenly appointed to the immensely important office of Financial Secretary to the Treasury. Even more generally surprising was his accession to the Prime Ministership within little more than two years of his attaining Cabinet rank, since there were others — notably the late Lord Curzon, to whose unsuspected qualities of heart, as of head, Mr. Baldwin here bears generous witness — much more in the public eye. His first administration was of brief duration, and ended in electoral disaster. Nevertheless, strangers who happened, as I did, to be in England during the anxious days of the general strike chiefly remarked two things — the tranquil demeanor and cheerfulness of all sections (not least the strikers themselves), and the trust reposed by everyone in the personality of the Prime Minister. Some blamed, indeed, his conduct of the preceding negotiations, but no one doubted that, unlike some of his colleagues, if report is to be believed, he was out for a square deal and would no more countenance the cry 'Smash the Trade-Unions' than he would yield to anything that threatened the security of the State. Though himself for many years an employer of labor, people felt instinctively that he was not one of those 'hard-faced business men' with whom the House of Commons is nowadays only too familiar, and that, though a keen politician, he was not likely to try to snatch Party advantage from a national disaster.

So much was plain from his record as a man of affairs. But these addresses of his, only a small number of which are directly concerned with politics, reveal other sides of a singularly attractive and singularly modest character. In form they are models of modern English speech, reminding one by their simple excellence of phrasing, by their rejection of clamorous and confident argument, of that saying in one of Mr. John Yeats's essays: 'Cultivated Englishmen talking together are like men sitting in the woods through a long summer's night and listening during the intervals of silence to the noise made by a near-by stream, or of wind among the branches, or to the singing of a nightingale.' Mr. Yeats's praise is the more apposite in that, in a time of ever-growing industrialism, Mr. Baldwin clings by preference to the older traditions of the countryside.

'To me,' he writes, 'England is the country, and the country is England. And when I ask myself what I mean by England, when I think of England when I am abroad, England comes to me through my various senses — through the ear, through the eye, and through certain imperishable scents.' Note how he repeats, in sheer pleasure, the beloved name; just as Mangan — for all the difference of race and fortune — repeats over and over again that of our Dark Rosaleen. Here is a patriotism we can all respect. Then, in a passage often quoted already, but to be quoted once more here for its beauty's sake, he goes on to tell us what these are: —

> The sounds of England, the tinkle of the hammer on the anvil in the country smithy, the corn crake on a dewy morning, the sound of a scythe against a whetstone, and the sight of a plough team coming over the brow of a hill, the sight that has been seen

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in England since England was a land, and may be seen in England long after the Empire has perished and every works in England has ceased to function, for centuries the one eternal sight of England. The wild anemones in the woods in April, the last load at night of hay being drawn down a lane as the twilight comes on, when you can hardly distinguish the figures of the horses as they take it home to the farm, and, above all, most subtle, most penetrating and most moving, the smell of wood smoke coming up in an autumn evening, or the smell of the scutch fires. . . . These things strike down into the very depths of our nature, and touch chords that go back to the beginning of time and the human race. . . . These are the things that make England, and I grieve for it that they are not the childish inheritance of the majority of the people to-day in our country.

In two other things also Mr. Baldwin is typical of the better sort of Englishman (that sort of which we in Ireland, for one reason or another, see and hear too little) — in his constant insistence upon this idea of public service, and in his love of the classics. And these two things are really one; for to him the great political virtues are the virtues cherished especially by the great Romans, '*pietas*, *gravitas*, and the truth of the spoken word.' Though he does not interlard his speeches with Greek and Latin quotations, after the parliamentary fashion of another time, there is here hardly an utterance of his but bears witness to the study of humane letters. To these, as he told the Classical Association, he feels himself indebted for 'some sense of proportion, a standard of values, a profound respect for the truth of words,' and 'a perennial happiness in the sheer beauty of Latin and Greek and the thousand images they call up in the mind.'

'I remember well,' he continues, 'the first election I fought. It was what was called an old-fashioned election, in an ancient borough now disfranchised. The candidate was expected to spend three evenings a week during the time of his probation in one or another of the public houses which jostled each other through the constituency, listening to and vociferously applauding what, for want of a better name, was called, on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, a comic or humorous song. After a time I felt the need of a moral purge and a literal sedative. It was the work of a moment to find what my soul needed. When I came home at night from these orgies I seldom went to bed without reading something of the Odyssey, the Æneid, or the Odes of Horace. By the date of the election I had read all the last-named, and most of the others, not without labor in the dictionaries, not always with ease, but with care and increasing joy — and with the desired result that, though defeated, I had passed through the fire and the smell of burning was not on my garments.'

Here is a pleasant picture to have in our minds; and a profitable one also, since we are all perhaps too much disposed to think of our neighbors as given over wholly to the pursuit of material things. Love of country and of countryside, ungrudging service to the commonwealth, joy in great literature — these are qualities we can all respect and admire; and when — as must sometimes happen — other and less agreeable sides of the Englishman's strange nature are visible, it is well to remember that in them at heart we can find points of agreement, not controversy.

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YOUTH IN THE INDIES[1]

BY SIR ARTHUR YAPP, K.B.E.

I. YOUNG INDIA

I HAVE been trying to find out what Young India is thinking to-day. It is not easy, in a country with an area of nearly two million square miles and a population of more than three hundred millions. I have talked with British leaders, with members of the Legislative Assembly, with students, with Hindu and Mohammedan politicians, and with members of the Swarajist Party. I have had long discussions with clergymen and ministers, with college professors, and with secretaries and members of my own association, the Y. M. C. A. In various ways I have tried — if I may so express it — to 'feel the pulse' of educated Indian youth.

Youth in India is of three main kinds — British, Anglo-Indian, and Indian. The British section may be subdivided into four further groups — first, the military, of whom there are roughly sixty thousand; second, those in government employ; third, those employed in banks and wholesale business houses; and fourth, young men engaged in retail business.

As for the young Anglo-Indian, or Eurasian, there has recently been a danger of his falling between two stools. A tendency exists to Indianize the various government departments, and the Anglo-Indian has suffered by the competition of his Indian rival. The education of the latter has better fitted him for the position of clerk in a government office; while the Anglo-Indian, educated under the European code, has probably not taken a university degree, and his standard of knowledge, particularly of mathematics, is often lower than that of the Indian graduate. One of our Y. M. C. A. representatives in India has recently investigated the cases of six hundred unemployed Anglo-Indians in the Madras Presidency. He found that over ninety per cent of them had been educated in accordance with British methods and ideals, but had been beaten in competition by Indians. Another serious handicap for the young Anglo-Indian is that he has little or no vernacular.

Indian Youth may be roughly divided into two classes — literate and illiterate. Only twenty-two millions of the entire population of India can read or write, while only about two and one-half millions can read or write English.

I had a long talk with the head of a college of eight hundred students, of whom over six hundred are Hindus, thirty or forty Christians, about one hundred Parsis, and twenty Mohammedans. The main attack of the Swarajists, he told me, had been against the colleges. They said, in effect, 'Leave the colleges, and we shall have Swaraj — complete Home Rule — in twelve months.' Large numbers did, in fact, leave — although many of them straightway entered other British colleges. This active opposition has now passed, and these colleges — the pio-

[1] From *London Daily Telegraph* (London Independent Conservative daily), *August* 9, 11, 13

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neers of education in India — are fuller than ever to-day. Some of them, like the famous Wilson College at Bombay, still insist on compulsory Bible teaching for all students, and have had no diminution in numbers as a result. Others, like St. John's, at Agra, have made attendance at Biblical instruction optional, but find that their students attend of their own free will — Mohammedans, Hindus, and Christians alike.

All educationalists I met in India were agreed as to the advisability of selected Indian students coming to England for post-graduate courses at one of our great universities. From the British point of view, it is obviously better that they should do this than go elsewhere in Europe. There are fifteen universities in India. Until recently the aim of the average educated young Indian was to get a 'cushy' job under Government, with a pension at the end of it; and, for this reason, the majority desired to study law. Now Young India is going in more and more for technical education. This is all to the good. English education among the youth of India is a great unifying force. The English language carries one everywhere, and, in that sense, it is the only universal language in a country where more than two hundred languages are in daily use.

It is in the realm of politics that the greatest change has taken place since my last visit to India, in 1920. I attended one of the sessions of the Bengal Legislative Council and talked with many of the members. It was interesting to see the harmonious personal relations that existed between members of the various Parties. Since I have been in India the Swarajists have made their much-advertised demonstration of walking out of the Legislative Councils; but that was not taken too seriously, even by themselves. Another striking sign of the times is the tendency, instead of being anti-British — 'agin the Government' in everything — to manœuvre for position as against other native groups: in Bengal, for instance, between Hindus and Mohammedans; in the Madras Presidency, between Brahmans and non-Brahmans.

Young India is taking ever-increasing interest in our great national games. Tennis is played everywhere, and cricket, hockey, and Association football are becoming more and more popular each year. Football and hockey are usually played with bare feet, and exceedingly well. During my last visit to India I saw a friendly game contested between a team representing a section of the Royal Air Force and an Indian eleven. The airmen wore boots, but the Indians, playing in bare feet, won 5–0! The spirit of the team game — everyone playing for the side or for the community — is the spirit needed in India, and in every other country, to-day. The Y. M. C. A. in India has found an interesting opportunity on the public playgrounds of Bombay, Madras, and other cities, where I have seen many hundreds of Indian children of different castes, and people of all ages, joining in games and working on gymnastic apparatus under the skilled leadership of a professional playground director.

The youth of India are interested in religion, and not ashamed of the fact. Out of every hundred Indians sixty-eight are Hindus, twenty-two Mohammedans, three Buddhists, and one Christian. I had several long talks with Tilak, a son of the great Indian mystic and a poet, who is doing remarkable work, through the Y. M. C. A., among the people of the depressed classes in the industrial districts of Bombay. He is in close touch with a number of *Sadhus*, or 'Holy

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Men,' and is training them for social service among their own people. For the moment, at any rate, they remain Hindus, for, as they put it themselves, they 'don't want to become Sahibs.'

The tendency of Hinduism has been to absorb other religions, and many Hindus are actually asking if it is not possible to practise their own faith — at any rate in certain of its aspects — and combine with it the service of Christ. Be that as it may, Hinduism is very tolerant in its attitude toward Christianity, and there is widespread reverence for the work, character, and person of Jesus Christ. This is attributable, I think, largely to the influence of Gandhi. Cinema films illustrating the life of Christ have drawn crowded audiences; and, largely through the agents of the British and Foreign Bible Society, copies of the Bible and of the New Testament are being circulated in large numbers. Occasionally Hindu papers publish long selections from the Scriptures.

Two phases of Y. work in India particularly impressed me. The first is the attempt to help the youth of the depressed classes. The evening of my visit I saw at least one thousand young people on its playgrounds in the most congested part of Bombay, and all the games and apparatus were going full-swing. Splendid work is also being done in the *chawls*, or huge tenement buildings, in that city. Tiny boys of the 'untouchables' came up and clasped the hand of the young secretary who piloted us around. The other service which especially interested me was the effort to bring together people of different races and religions for community service. For example, at breakfast in the Y. Students' Hotel in Bombay I met students from Colombo, Travancore, Bangalore, Hyderabad, Bombay, Cochin, Madras, and the Punjab — Christians, Hindus, Moslems, all living under one hospitable roof. Again, at a dinner in Calcutta people of every shade of religious thought were present; the leader of the Moslems in Bengal sat next to the president of the Indian Christian Association; and all of the guests were directly associated with Y. work in that city.

II. YOUNG BURMA

What a fascinating city Rangoon is! And how greatly in evidence there are youth and youth's endeavor. The rickshaw coolies, fine specimens of muscular manhood, going always at a swinging trot, no matter how great the heat or how heavy their portly Burmese passengers; the stately Punjabi policemen, with their picturesque uniforms, erect and magnificent under their huge concrete sunshades; the *gharri-whalla*, resting from the noontide sun on his high box-seat, in the shade; young coolies running along in the heat, each balancing two cans of water at the ends of a long pole; students with their books; most conspicuous of all, Buddhist monks, or *phoongis*, in their bright yellow robes. The youth of India, — Mohammedans and Hindus alike, — the youth of China, the youth of Burma, all seem to revel in the heat I found so oppressive.

Shew Dagon in Rangoon is one of the famous pagodas of the world. The parks and lakes are very beautiful. It is interesting to watch the elephants in the great timber park lifting huge logs of wood with ease and placing them exactly where needed. They have a trade-union of their own, I was told, and they 'down tools' immediately the clock strikes at the lunch hour.

Association football is as popular with the Burmese as with the British. Great crowds gather to watch the principal matches — crowds that are

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largely Burmese. The young Britisher finds he cannot keep fit, especially in the hot weather, unless he gets plenty of exercise. Tennis and cricket are among his most popular games. One of the best-known social workers in England was in Rangoon at the time of my visit, studying conditions, particularly among the youth of the country. Speaking one day to the young American in charge of the physical education work of the Y. M. C. A., he said: 'When I first came here I thought the greatest need of Burmese youth was book education, but, with fuller knowledge of the situation, I am now convinced that physical education is the more urgent. They are good-natured, but quick-tempered, and the one great lesson they need to learn is self-control. How can that be better taught than on the playing fields?'

A round-up, one of the nights during my stay, collected seventy homeless Burmese children on the streets of Rangoon — there are said to be over seven hundred such waifs on the streets of this one city. They have for the most part been abandoned, and they are to be found at nights, in little groups, usually in the company of someone older, who is training them for a criminal career. Twelve boys of the criminal class were taken recently to a Y. M. C. A. camp. They were undisciplined and unmanageable, but there were no guards in camp and no repressive rules. In a week, I was told, they were 'eating out of the leaders' hands.' When, at the end of the camp, they had to return to jail they were allowed to take the volley ball back with them.

Nearly every village in Burma has its *Phoongyi-Kyaung*, or monastery. Each monastery is also a village school; and every Burmese boy must attend one or other of those schools, shaving his head, and, for the time being, wearing the yellow robe. The result is that almost all boys can read and write, though only in the vernacular. An Indian was quoted to me as having said to a Burman, 'You have all the lower education, but we have the higher.' There is a great deal of truth in this. Illiteracy is not known in Burma as it is in India. On the other hand, apart from the magnificent educational work of missionaries, principally American, there has not been much higher education up to the present. The University, founded in 1920, is moving out to the vicinity of Victoria Lake, five miles from Rangoon.

Buddhism is the prevailing religion, and its adherents number 11,000,000, as compared with 500,000 Hindus, the same number of Mohammedans, and 250,000 Christians. The monks, or *phoongis*, of whom there are said to be upward of 30,000, are for the most part young men, and they are not allowed to marry. They take a threefold vow of poverty, chastity, and obedience. Begging is regarded as a virtue; and though the deacon, or *koyin*, can help himself to anything that happens to be on the table, the monk can take only what is given him.

Christianity, notwithstanding an immense amount of effort, particularly on the part of two or three of the great missionary societies, is not numerically strong in Burma. But then Christianity has never depended on the numbers of its adherents to express its power. I am more convinced than ever, as a result of my tour through Eastern countries, that Christianity to-day is exercising an influence there out of all proportion to its numerical strength.

III. YOUNG MALAYA

British Malaya is a country where there is practically no unemployment, poverty, or interracial antagonism.

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Each race makes its own distinctive contribution to the work and welfare of the country. The Malays are good fishermen and boatmen. They are the chauffeurs, and some of them do good work as artists or draftsmen in government offices. The Tamils, who hail from Southern India and Ceylon, are patient, plodding workers on the land and on the rubber estates. The Aborigines, the Saki and other tribes, keep largely to their own reserves, and are rarely seen in the towns. The Eurasians work in the shops and offices. The Chinese provide most of the skilled labor, and are excellent artisans. They are the coolies too, and pull the rickshas. Curiously enough, they are also in many cases the capitalists.

Malaya is essentially a land for the young and the strong. It is not easy to be energetic in a country where it is always hot. When I landed at Penang I was told that I must learn two words that were said to express the sentiment of the country — '*Tidak Apa*' ('Never mind,' or 'To-morrow will do.') I found, however, that this attitude toward life is largely a pose — at any rate as far as the business and Civil Service community is concerned. The Malay States struck me as being thoroughly efficient, with long hours put in by heads and subordinates alike.

Association football is the game of the country, the Chinese being particularly skillful players. I also saw good cricket at Ipoh, with British, Chinese, and Indians all playing; and some remarkably good swimming by Chinese in the Y. M. C. A. pool at Singapore.

There are two distinct sections of Chinese in Malaya — those born in the country, and those who have emigrated from China. The majority of the latter are young, and nearly all are men or youths. During 1925 no fewer than 214,692 emigrants arrived in the colony from China. If I am not mistaken, the attitude of these men is that it is not so bad after all to be under British rule — and this in spite of the fact that most of them come from anti-British districts. They think, too, that hard and skillful work pays. Some Chinese who were penniless when they came to Malaya, and who started work as coolies, but did so under just rule and free from the whims of rival military leaders, are now wealthy men. The first tin mine I visited belonged to a Ceylonese gentleman who, after toiling for many years without result, sublet his claim to a Chinaman, who in turn sublet part of it to a Chinese woman for three months. The first two months yielded nothing in value, but then she struck a rich deposit of tin. In the month remaining to her she got sixty thousand dollars' worth of tin out of it, and to-day everyone connected with the mine is well off.

Chinese youth in Malaya believe, also, that knowledge is power. They are keen on education, and the schools are full of eager scholars of the English language. The head of one of the big day-schools told me of the brilliant careers of some of the Straits-born Chinese scholars. Dr. Lin Boon Ken, who was a boy in Singapore, is now principal of the great National University at Amoy. Dr. Wu Lien, after going to Cambridge, distinguished himself in Manchuria, specializing in the treatment of plague. He is now in China acting as Medical Adviser to the Government on Sanitary Science. Mr. Song Ong Siang is an old boy of 'Raffles' School, Singapore, who went on to Cambridge and London, and is now a leading barrister in Singapore.

Often, when I sat at my host's table at Kuala Lumpor and watched the Malay *kabun*, or gardener, pulling the cord that swung the punkah to and fro,

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I fell to wondering what was passing through his mind. He was sitting on the ground in the conservatory, and I could see him through the window. His face was expressionless. What, again, are the Saki thinking — the people who lived in Malaya even before the Malays? It would be interesting to know. An old chief of the Sakis was once speaking to a friend of mine, and referred to the time when the monkeys could talk. 'But you don't really believe the monkeys ever talked?' asked my friend. 'Of course they did, Tuan, before the white man came.' 'But, if that were so, why should they have stopped talking when the white man came?' 'Well, you see, Tuan,' was the old man's reply, 'the monkeys are wise folk, and, when the white man came, they saw that those who could talk had to work; and, as they did not wish to work, they stopped talking and never spoke again.' I often thought of that story when I watched the old kabun silently pulling the cord of the punkah, and wondered if he and some of his Malay friends, and the Saki too, say little — little, at any rate, that the white man can hear and understand — lest more strenuous work might be demanded of them.

Whither are all these thoughts of the youth of Malaya leading? When I was in Singapore I visited the new naval base, and thought of this great country as it is to be. I thought of the flow of emigrants coming in from China and of the boundless natural resources of a country that, until a few years ago, was largely covered with jungle. The youth of Malaya cannot say, at any rate, that it has not its opportunity to-day. How will it meet it?

OSTEOPATHY AND THE PUBLIC [1]

BY WILFRID A. STREETER

OSTEOPATHY, as a system of healing which differs from ordinary medicine not only in its view of the causation of disease but in its technique and methods of treatment, has become a subject of acute controversy. Through the ill-advised action of the General Medical Council in victimizing registered medical men who associate themselves with the work of osteopathic practitioners, the public generally has begun to suspect the existence of a conflict between two schools of medical thought — between the orthodox, established school, and a new school struggling for recognition against the opposition of vested interests. This suspicion is not ill-founded. Such a conflict is actually in progress in this country. Osteopathy, as a new development of the science and art of healing, is seeking to obtain recognition and legal status on the basis of claims which orthodox medicine is unwilling to allow.

Much misunderstanding exists, even among medical men, in regard to the claims of the osteopaths. In a sentence, what the osteopaths aim at is nothing less than the creation of a

[1] From the *Empire Review* (London public-affairs monthly), *August*

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school of mechano-therapeutics, as representing a branch of the healing art which orthodox medicine has never understood or hitherto attempted to practise. To achieve their end the osteopaths claim the freedom to develop the principles taught by the founder of osteopathy, Dr. Andrew T. Still, half a century ago, and to apply these principles to the cure of disease without interference from the representatives of orthodox medicine.

Osteopathy is a system of healing based upon the theory that the fundamental and predisposing cause of disease is structural derangement or impairment of the physical integrity of the body. It teaches, therefore, that the first step in the cure of disease is to deal with structural derangements which cause functional disturbances of the vascular and nervous systems and impede the flow of the vital fluids in the organs and tissues of the body, thereby lowering the body's powers of resistance to the invasion and propagation of pathogenic germs. Holding these views concerning the causation and treatment of disease, the osteopaths consider that they are entitled to say that osteopathy is a system of healing standing apart from the older systems which regard the pathological invasion of the body as the most important factor in the diagnosis and treatment of disease.

But the propaganda conducted by the General Medical Council, nominally in defense of the standards of the medical profession but actually as an attack upon the practitioners of this new system, unfairly confuses osteopathy with various irregular and empirical forms of medical treatment, such as chiropractic, faith healing, bonesetting, and the like. Thus the official representatives of orthodox medicine have certainly tried to create the impression that osteopaths are no better than quacks and charlatans, practising upon the credulity of the public.

In meeting this attack some osteopaths seem disposed to adopt an apologetic attitude. They appear to be more anxious to obtain the recognition and approval of the General Medical Council than to assert the full claim of osteopathy for such legal equality with orthodox medicine as it has already obtained in the United States, where it originated more than fifty years ago. I am, personally, quite indifferent to the General Medical Council's views of osteopathy, and I strongly oppose any proposal to place the control and regulation of osteopathy in the hands of such a body. The difference between osteopathy and ordinary medicine is not merely one of treatment; there is a radical difference of principle and of method between the two systems of therapy, and those who practise the one cannot logically espouse the other. Certainly they cannot practise both with advantage to their patients. There is no more reason for thinking that an ordinary medical man, taught to believe in the efficacy of drugs, can understand and practise the osteopathic technique by taking a post-graduate course in manipulative surgery than that the osteopath can qualify for the practice of medicine by taking lessons in making up prescriptions.

The study of medicine is not the proper qualification for the osteopath, and the practitioner who attempts to do both will not succeed with either. Even the basic sciences common to both systems — anatomy and physiology in particular — receive a different interpretation in osteopathic institutions from that given in the orthodox medical schools. Anatomical and physiological facts are studied by the osteopath in the light of the osteo-

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pathic theory concerning the causation of disease, and with a view to the acquisition of the characteristic osteopathic technique. This differentiates osteopathy from ordinary medicine. But osteopathy is also differentiated from chiropractic, which is an unscientific and empirical adaptation of osteopathic principles imperfectly comprehended and inadequately taught. It is a parasitical excrescence upon osteopathy, which had been developing both scientifically and practically for at least a quarter of a century before chiropractic appeared, and had been placed by the laws of the United States on a totally different footing from that held by chiropractic, both in respect of educational standards and of professional rights and responsibilities. To identify osteopathy with chiropractic is as confusing and misleading as it is to identify bonesetting with osteopathy.

Osteopathy is often misinterpreted as meaning nothing more than some form of bonesetting treatment. The name is admittedly something of a misnomer. But it is probably no more misleading than the term 'allopathy' (which means literally 'another suffering') employed as a description of eclectic medicine, or 'homœopathy' (meaning literally 'similar suffering'). In so far as the word 'osteopathy' signifies merely the treatment of bones or bone disease, it is unsatisfactory; but it is difficult to invent a better term for a system which is founded upon the fact that derangements or maladjustments of the body framework, especially the spine, as well as disturbed relations of ligaments, tendons, blood vessels, muscles, nerves, and body tissues generally, are the predisposing factors in all disease. On the analogy of such words as 'allopathy' or 'homœopathy' used as a means of describing the therapeutic action of drugs, 'osteopathy' is the word coined by the founder of the system to define the principle that the first step in the cure of disease is the correction and removal of all abnormalities in the body framework.

Herein lies the essential cause of the antagonism between the osteopath and the orthodox medical practitioner. They approach the problem of disease from opposite angles. To the osteopath the important thing is to ascertain the *cause* of the trouble he is called upon to treat, and he eschews the use of drugs as far as possible on the ground that the action of most drugs affects symptoms and not causes. Orthodox medicine, on the other hand, attaches the utmost importance to the therapeutic action of drugs. Orthodox medicine has had a long and instructive history. No part of that history is more significant than the efforts that have been made to shut out the ignorant and reckless use of drugs, to rationalize the system of drug-therapy, and to eliminate from the pharmacopœia the thousands of worthless and baneful concoctions which have been prescribed as 'remedies' for various diseases. Modern medical science recognizes that from ninety to ninety-five per cent of drugs are worthless, and is beginning even to doubt the specific value of the remainder. In advanced medical practice the limitations of drug-therapy are admitted, and there is an increasing tendency among physicians who keep abreast of scientific knowledge to rely more and more upon the body's own powers of resistance and recovery rather than to depend upon drug medication. The theory of the immunologists, like the remarkable developments of Sir Almroth Wright's methods of treating open infected wounds during the war, tends to reënforce the leading principles of osteop-

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athy as defined and applied in present-day practice.

By its refusal to admit the curative action of most drugs, and by its insistence upon the theory that the body contains within itself all the forces necessary for the maintenance of health and the cure of disease, osteopathy is clearly differentiated from ordinary medicine. Its essential principle is not compromised by the osteopath being willing to admit that there are some drugs and serums — a very limited number — which have been empirically proved to be beneficial in certain contingencies. Drugs and surgical operations may even prove to be necessary when disease has been allowed to make such progress in the body that vital organic processes are threatened. But there is all the difference in the world between the medical practitioner who relies on drug-therapeutics, or the surgeon who resorts ruthlessly to the knife as the natural and necessary treatment, and the osteopath who bases his practice upon the principle that the predisposing cause of disease is an impairment of the structural integrity of the body.

Apart from this fundamental difference of view concerning the cause and cure of disease, the osteopath has no reason to quarrel with orthodox medical practitioners. Whatever quarrel there is between them has been forced upon the osteopath by the necessity of having to fight for freedom to develop his system of healing without interference from the representatives of the dominant school of medical thought in this country. For more than half a century, osteopathy has been developing both scientifically and practically in the United States, on a footing of complete equality with ordinary medicine. In this country, on the other hand, osteopathy is not regarded as legally a branch of either medicine or surgery. And this is the issue which vitally concerns the British public.

In this country at the present time osteopaths have to carry on their practice under the stigma of being 'irregular practitioners.' They are classed with chiropractors, herbalists, faith healers, and so on — as untrained and incompetent persons who pretend to be able to cure disease. The fact that the reputable osteopath in the United States has been required to undergo a course of training that is actually more exacting than the average minimum requirements of the standard medical colleges in America is ignored. The public is misled by the propaganda of the General Medical Council, which asserts that osteopaths are not qualified to treat or even to diagnose some forms of disease. As a consequence the public is led to believe that there is something dangerous in submitting to osteopathic treatment, that at best the scope of the treatment is definitely restricted, and that in the last resort a cure for bodily ills must be sought from drugs or the knife, according to the nature of the trouble.

Thereby, as I profoundly believe, the people suffer a grievous loss. It is, in my view, contrary to public policy that any obstruction should be placed in the way of developing the science and art of healing. For several hundred years orthodox medicine, professedly an eclectic system, ready to take account of all extensions of scientific knowledge and to use the fruits of research, has been practically at a standstill so far as the actual cure of disease is concerned. There has been a vast amount of investigation by learned and able men — but what has been the result for the sick man? Leaving out of account the marvels of modern surgery, what has the system of orthodox medicine done to assimilate

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the far-reaching theories and careful work of scientific men?

For the answer to this question one has only to refer to the curriculum of the medical schools which still painfully educate their students in the properties of thousands of drugs, more than nine tenths of which the intelligent physician would never dream of prescribing for any ailment whatsoever. To all intents and purposes modern medical practice has definitely parted company with the tenets of the established medical schools, and the popularity of new health cults, such as heliotherapy, attests the changing direction of medical thought away from the traditional ideas concerning the curative action of drugs, except in so far as a certain very limited number of drugs may, by their action under certain conditions, raise the specific immunity of the body and assist it to repel and recover from the onset of disease.

But, if this is an accurate description of present-day tendencies in medical practice, what ought to be the attitude of the official representatives of orthodox medicine toward the development of a newer system, based on rational anatomical and physiological principle? It should not be an attitude of sneering superiority or unteachability. Whether the claims made for osteopathy are well founded or erroneous is a matter for intelligent argument and the practical tests of experience, not for supercilious disparagement of the qualifications of osteopathic practitioners who have, to the number of many thousands, given as much time and ability to the study and practice of osteopathy as the orthodox medical men have given to their system. All that the osteopaths claim is freedom to demonstrate the soundness of their principles and the value of their technique. And, surely, all that the custodians and guardians of medical ethics and educational standards can justly insist upon is that the representatives of the newer system of healing — which has just as much right to be called a system as that of orthodox medicine — shall not lower the standards of professional training and competence while their methods and principles are being proved.

This is precisely what the osteopaths seek to do by proposing the establishment of a separate osteopathic board to prescribe the standards of education and technical competence for their profession and to regulate its practice in this country. Nobody claims for the osteopath any special privileges or immunities. On the contrary, we insist that the course of training pursued in the recognized osteopathic colleges of America is as thoroughgoing in all respects, save one, as the course prescribed for medical practitioners. Osteopathic students have the same fundamental training in the basic sciences, and a longer and more careful training in physical, clinical, differential, and X-ray diagnosis than the medical student is given in the orthodox schools. The only subject upon which the osteopathic student is not required to spend any time is materia medica — and the time saved from the study of useless and often harmful drugs is devoted to the acquisition of the difficult technique of manipulation which, combined with the intensive study of anatomy and physiology, supplies the osteopath with his characteristic equipment as a healer.

It is surely not in the public interest that any official body, in the exercise of powers conferred upon it by Parliament for the protection of the public and the safeguarding of the interests of a vitally important profession, should be allowed to use those powers to impede the development of new knowledge and new methods. Yet that is what the

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General Medical Council has done and is still doing. Medical men who have become convinced of the scientific *bona fides* and practical value of osteopathy cannot associate themselves with the work of qualified and reputable osteopaths of high professional standing and competence without running the risk of losing their own professional status as medical men and being removed from the Medical Register.

Such was the fate that befell the late Dr. Axham. A similar fate may yet befall my own colleague and friend, Dr. Frank Collie, who has joined me in my work after having satisfied himself by personal investigation that the claims made for osteopathy are well founded. It is a fate which may befall any medical man, however eminent, as long as the General Medical Council is permitted to pursue its present mistaken policy in relation to the practitioners of osteopathy. Nothing in the history of the General Medical Council warrants the belief that such a body can be entrusted with the responsibility of prescribing the standards and regulating the practice of this new system of healing. If the medical profession is satisfied that it is a body which has acted wisely in protecting the interests of medical men, they are entitled to rally in defense of it. But neither the public interest nor the cause of scientific education will be advanced as long as the General Medical Council is allowed to interfere with the development of new principles of healing of which it does not approve.

VALE

BY Æ

[*Irish Statesman*]

THIS was the heavenly hiding place
Wherein the spirit laughed a day,
All its proud ivories and fires
Shrunk to a shovelful of clay.

It must have love, this silent earth,
To leap up at the King's desire,
Moving in such a noble dance
Of wreathèd ivory and fire.

It will not stir for me at all,
Nor answer me with voice nor gleam.
Adieu, sweet-memoried dust, I go
After the Master for the dream.

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A JOURNEY TO ABYSSINIA. IV[1]

BY JEAN D'ESME

SEPTEMBER 26 is the most important day in the Abyssinian calendar, when everyone, from the Empress to the humblest peasant, celebrates the *Meskal*, or great religious and national holiday.

For eight days participants and spectators have been pouring into the city. Addis Ababa is athrill with joyous impatience, and, as if in anticipatory honor of the occasion, all the country around has suddenly become abloom with little yellow flowers. Upon a turfy plain below the city, and not far from the railway station, thousands of laborers are smoothing the ground for the coming exercises. Numbers supply the place of machinery. Hundreds of men are busy with simple pointed sticks cutting square sods, which are piled into baskets and borne away by long files of willing carriers to the place where the pavilion of Prince Taffari is to stand.

Dawn of the eventful day itself finds an endless procession of people winding toward the site of the festivities — a steady stream of white *chammas*, jostling in its tumultuous progress mules and horses bearing in the same direction lords and ladies of the realm. Almost every man carries a rifle over his shoulder and wears a bright-colored cartridge belt, while above the white flood toss straw umbrellas, constantly colliding with the troubled movement of the throng beneath.

At the field itself the procession is deflected by rigid ranks of soldiers drawn up around a vast empty rectangle, and overflows the surrounding plain and eucalyptus-dotted hillsides. This flood of humanity, through which the columns of soldiers constantly arriving from all directions plough their way, is in incessant agitation, and roars its joyous greetings whenever a great feudal chieftain or a favorite regiment appears upon the scene.

As we make our way slowly toward the Prince's pavilion, we are completely blocked by the closely packed mass of humanity, so that our animals cannot take a single step forward or backward. It is a good-humored, helpful crowd that surrounds us, although it takes mischievous delight in our predicament. In vain we shout to attract the attention of an officer a few yards away; his back is turned as he watches with rapt attention the preparations for the fête, and our voices are drowned by the uproar. Wild cheers greet the arrival of Prince Taffari-Makonnen, the Minister of War, the Minister of Justice, and the Prince's son-in-law, who rides at the head of his troops.

Meanwhile the ceremonies have begun in the square below. An Armenian band, whose leader's tightly laced uniform fails to disguise his extreme obesity, strikes up the national air of each country as its minister arrives.

Prince Taffari has already taken his place in his pavilion, and the first troops are entering the farther end of the parade ground. Marooned in the sea of shouting and gesticulating spec-

[1] From *L'Écho de Paris* :(Clerical daily), *August* 20, 25

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tators, we survey the scene from the vantage ground of our saddles, and ask ourselves with some concern whether we shall not be forced to remain in this position the entire afternoon.

At length, however, someone descries us from the official tribune. An officer gallops across the field to the point nearest us and gives a sharp order, whereupon the crowd instantly opens a narrow passage through which we thread our way to the Regent's pavilion, where seats await us not far from the Prince himself.

Our attention is at once absorbed by a double spectacle, one beneath the great shady awning, the other in the bright September sun on the plain below. Possibly the former scene is the more engrossing. In the centre, seated on a large, thronelike divan, sits Prince Taffari, wrapped in a black velvet cape which sets off his delicate, clean-cut profile. Occupying two rows of chairs on either hand are the ministers of the Foreign Powers accredited to his Government, the grand feudatories of the realm, prominent chiefs, and invited guests. Farther on, and a little lower upon the right, stand the guests of minor dignitaries crowding together and rising on tiptoe to get a better view of the proceedings, while on the extreme left several chiefs and priests are sitting on rugs. The contrast of costumes is equally curious. Next to a European in riding clothes is a high Abyssinian officer in a gorgeous uniform, and just beyond him a grand seignior wrapped in a dark civilian cape. Behind them I discern the white tunic and muslin turban of an ecclesiastic. Headbands of green or red satin are interspersed with gray and black felt hats. Robes and sack coats, lions' manes, leopard-skin helmets, white chammas, and velvet capes heavy with gold and silver brocade, make a striking medley of contrasting forms and colors.

The subdued light which filters through the canvas canopy is interspersed with narrow shafts of sunshine, which dart through its interstices, dance to the accompaniment of every breeze, playfully pick out the brilliant colors, — the blues, reds, white, blacks, brown, greens, and yellows of the glistening silks and soft velvets worn by the guests, — and are reflected by shining steel and gold and silver as from a hundred mirrors. For those present have come either costumed as for a ball or armed as for a battle. My eye takes in with a single glance Winchesters, Mausers, Lebels, Lee-Metfords, Martinis, long curved sabres, straight two-handed swords, hippopotamus-hide bucklers, and velvet-covered shields adorned with gold and silver. Each guest has selected from his armory his favorite weapon, either the most modern or the most ornate. Officers and chiefs keep arriving and departing, bringing reports and taking orders to the troops in readiness for the grand review.

A flagstaff has been erected in the middle of the field, directly in front of the Regent's pavilion, from which float the Ethiopian colors. Each soldier as he marches past throws at its base a twig to the end of which is attached a bouquet of yellow flowers. First come the khaki-uniformed regiments of the Guard, marching with faultless precision and led by their military bands. Soon the heap of twigs below the red, white, and green banner grows into a little mountain. Then comes the irregular infantry clad in white chammas, advancing with a quick running step and whirling at arm's length in the air their rifles, shields, and sabres. They rush past in shouting, excited groups, surrounding and preceding their mounted chieftains. Next are mounted machine-gun detachments, wearing blue uniforms

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and felt hats with the rims caught up on one side like those of the *Bersaglieri*. Cavalry then charges down the field at a gallop, halting suddenly before the tribune, the neighing horses brought up on their haunches, while their riders, enveloped in a cloud of fluttering garments, lions' manes, and brilliant sashes, clash their lances against their bucklers and brandish their rifles in the air.

For three hours the column marches past, troops of multicolored and mediæval warriors alternating with detachments in European uniforms and drilled on the French model. From time to time some great chief returns from leading his forces in the review, salutes the Prince with a low obeisance, and takes his place near him. A heavy pall of dust hovers over the field. The wind dies down, and the sun, sinking low in the west, shoots red rays through a haze of vibrant atoms. When the dust-cloud subsides for a moment, the ever-waxing mountain of twigs and flowers becomes visible. Dusk is already descending when the foreign ministers begin to leave, each accompanied by the farewell strains of his national hymn played by the Armenian band.

At last the Prince himself departs, on a richly caparisoned mule with housings of silk and gold. His escort surrounds him and he disappears, a black dot in the dense circle of white chammas. But I linger on to watch the crowd and to see the final act of the ceremony. As soon as the soldiers withdraw, the people invade the field. Some one throws a firebrand into the great heap of flowers and twigs. A moment later a long banner of flame shoots up to meet the banner of Ethiopia floating above, and the Meskal is over.

Behind high walls of gray stone stands a square whitewashed, one-story cottage, with green shutters and a gallery running around it — such a cottage as one might see anywhere in Madagascar, Indo-China, Algiers, Mauritius, or Zanzibar. Cool half-lights fill the porch-shaded reception room, which is modestly furnished in European style — a couch, chairs, two tables, a commode from the top of which a gramophone aims its tulip-shaped horn at us, and a centre table with books and albums. On the walls hang big framed photographs of Prince Taffari and his wife, and a crayon enlargement of the master of the house. Close to one wall is spread a rug surrounded by cushions. In a corner is a beautiful Abyssinian basket braided in a check pattern.

A serving maid clad in a long white tunic bound at the waist with a sash brings in the port. My host points laughingly to the rug, remarking: 'There's the table. Ordinarily we dine like Europeans and sit in chairs, but since you want a real native meal you'll have to eat it in the old way, sitting cross-legged.' A friend who has just entered adds in equally excellent French: 'Let's hope that your legs won't go to sleep so you can't enjoy your food.'

The wives of my host and his friend appear a moment later. Both are magnificent examples of the Ethiopian feminine type — large, with refined features, great sparkling brown eyes, small mouths, and heavy hair of a violent black. They wear full white tunics reaching from the chin to the ankles, over which are draped fine white linen chammas, with the corners thrown over their left shoulders. Both smile with slight embarrassment as my host introduces them and explains that they do not know a single word of French.

We seat ourselves cross-legged on the cushions. Fortunately I have the wall to my back. Servants immediately bring in two great mushroom-shaped baskets and place them on the rug.

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When the covers are lifted we see that each contains a dozen or more large round cakes resembling Breton buckwheat pancakes. These are of two varieties — some are gray and sourish, and are made from a native grain, while the others are of wheaten flour and almost white.

Plates are at once brought in, and the two ladies proceed to serve us. We are five in the party, and sit in a circle around the baskets. Each takes a cake, upon which the ladies place spoonfuls of a curry so peppery that it burns our tongues like hot coals. We eat our food with awkward fingers, tearing off a piece from the cake, dipping it into the curry, and thrusting it clumsily into our mouths. Other dishes follow — stuffed cabbage and hard-boiled eggs, and fricasseed chicken. As each new course arrives, one of the ladies lifts up the top cake in the basket, deftly removes the one below it unbroken, and serves it in the same way as the preceding one. We hold our greasy fingers, covered as they are with all the successive sauces we have eaten, as far away from ourselves as possible. Beverages are served — mugs of thick, grayish *talla*, or fermented sorghum juice, which looks like café au lait, and carafes of *tedj*, a light golden-colored drink brewed from honey and having a sweetish acid taste. French wines, concluding with champagne, follow. The last course served before the fruit is odd, barbarous, and excellent. It is a leg of lamb cut in long thongs and braided, so that it looks like a huge knout. A manservant brings it in, holding it by the bone, from which the braids of raw, shining meat dangle. Each cuts off one of the latter with a knife and, before he eats it, thrusts it into a bowl of boiling dressing brought by a second servant.

During the meal my neighbor on the right, in accordance with Abyssinian etiquette, presses incessantly upon me the daintiest portions of the dishes before him, which I swallow from the end of his fingers. I drink my golden tedj directly out of the little long-necked carafes, and I join in the merry laughter of my hosts, who are immensely amused at the whole proceeding. Finally a servant brings around a big copper bowl and a flask of water, which he pours over our fingers, after which a second servant dries them with a perfumed towel.

We are then served coffee in tiny cups. Cigarettes are passed around, and a group of entertainers enter. There are six of these — five tall lean men, and a little woman with a remarkably delicate face, a high forehead, closely cropped hair, and large soft eyes. They are all dressed in white from their head to their toes. After the men have played upon their lozenge-shaped one-stringed drumhead fiddles a shrill, monotonous, and yet not unpleasing melody in two keys, the woman begins to dance, holding her skirts lightly in her fingers, alternately advancing and retiring with short, quick steps, and concluding with a high-pitched little chant consisting of couplets improvised in honor of each of us. One of my friends has the pleasure of hearing himself compared to 'yellow, shining copper.' Afterward each of the men sings in turn — ballads of love, war, and the chase, the exploits of famous heroes, the lucky successes of bold hunters, and the fabulous feats of legendary knights.

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THE ELEVATOR MAN[1]

BY MASSIMO BONTEMPELLI

BARCELONA is a town of bright days and dark nights. It is the farthest western limit of active Europe, for on the other side of the Ebro contemplative Arabia begins. Barcelona is a town of many noises. Every morning different machines take up the rhythm of the night's dance music — though occasionally strikes cause a lull, broken only by the noise of bombs in the empty air. I encountered at Barcelona the human symbol of action that transforms itself into contemplation.

It is there I discovered that the elevator is the machine that most fully performs this function. Undoubtedly the act of making a little room go up or down by pressing certain buttons pertains to a practical kind of life.

I have in mind the man employed in the elevator of a big hotel in Barcelona, the Milan of Spain. He was a contemplative fellow. All the other elevator men that one encounters in all latitudes and longitudes are pink-cheeked adolescents. Globe-trotters tell us that this kind of young person is very popular with lady tourists. Perhaps that was what determined the director of this particular hotel to take no chances and see to it that his chief elevator man was neither young nor pink-cheeked. In fact, he was not even old; he had no age at all, and probably no country either. He was a highly exceptional man, perhaps a kind of wandering spirit. Likely as not he had no definite features, because after several conversations with him — and they did not take place many years ago — I can recall only a huge forehead, and hairy fingers like caterpillars, and the deep voice of a veiled prophet.

'I was a coachman, sir, at Marseille, after having been a circus attendant in Poland. I changed my profession because I hate any contact with animals. Through his contact with animals man makes a beast of himself. The tendency is for him to become a part of them, just as teachers of horseback riding recommend. Since I knew only about horses at that time, it was more easy for me to change myself into a coachman than to do anything else; but I discovered that I had simply let myself in for being dragged along behind instead of sitting on the horse's back. Yes, sir, that is exactly how it was, for I soon found out that the carriage is merely a further amplification of the back part of the horse — built by man, to be sure, but a real annex of the animal itself.

'The result was that I shortly found myself horribly identified with the animal, though I was seated in the carriage. No sooner had I mounted the seat, even when the horse was not hitched, than I felt the nerves of the quadruped in my own body — for the life of the animal seems to run through what the world takes for a mere construction of wood or metal. I had to change my job again, and became a chauffeur in Dublin. But why not another profession entirely different?

[1] From the *Revue de Genève* (Geneva monthly), *August*

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'Because, sir, the career a man must follow in life has certain general lines. In my case the course was clearly marked. I was destined to be a transporter of human beings through space.

'I will not explain to you why the automobile soon turned out to be a complete deception, for it is evident enough that it is in direct line with the carriage. That is to say, it amounts to a violent pursuit of an imaginary animal. But it does not lose any of its bestial qualities on account of the absence of the horse. One does not have to be very sensible to perceive the vibrating animal-quality of the automobile. Even the mechanical vocabulary, such as 'forty horsepower,' shows us how much the automobile is impregnated with the horse. First, man mounted a horse; he reached further perfection in the carriage; and he has combined it all in the automobile.'

That is the way the mysterious elevator man at the great hotel in Barcelona spoke to me on several occasions; and when he was thoroughly persuaded that I had grasped the elements of his theories, he advanced further: —

'I was, however, a prudent fellow, and did not give myself over to other useless attempts. Anyone can see that the airplane is an artificial bird; but I have also noticed that every kind of boat, from a canoe to an ocean liner, is nothing more or less than a mechanical fish, which people get on board of to traverse the seas. It is a fact that in ancient days men sat astride of whales and eagles, but I am neither an aviator nor a sailor. I clearly understood that in order to save myself and still follow out the general scheme of my life I had to make a decisive change — I had to transform myself from a horizontal to a vertical transporter; and here I am.'

But he gave himself over to even more profound reflections one morning when I came in very tired, having passed the night watching men and women dance in the intricate green-tinted cabaret of the Royal at Parallelo. When I returned, the elevator had broken down between two of the upper stories, and I did n't have the strength to walk up the stairs. I preferred to sit down opposite the empty square metal cage, waiting for what might happen. Above, people were trying to tepair the mysterious mechanism. Seated where I was, I was more disposed to spend the rest of my life there than to take one step up the stairs. The person who was repairing the elevator was not my man. His only occupation was to run it, and I saw him come in soon and, looking up at his machine, decide to wait for it too. Perhaps my body and my soul were both asleep, because when I heard him talking it seemed as if he had been going on for some time. I lent him my attention, and managed to gather the following information: —

'The elevator, sir, is the only instrument for carrying people which does not derive from any kind of animal. It is entirely the product of human intelligence — that is, of the soul. Consequently it is the means and symbol of elevating one's self — that is to say, perfecting one's soul. Dante symbolized contemplation — the approach of man to God — by a stairway because at that time they had nothing better. It is quite evident that now he would put an elevator in its place.'

'But it is used,' I remarked diabolically, 'to go down too.'

'It descends empty,' he replied quickly; 'and to gather other people who want to go up, because only the most childish folk ask the elevator to take them down too.'

Unquestionably he had no intention

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of being offensive or personal when he made that remark, but for my part I quickly recalled, in my suspicious way, that several days ago I had called for the elevator and gone down in it once. This fact, and perhaps also the fatigue after the stupid night I had passed at the Royal, cast my spirit into the depths of gloom. I looked about, as one does at such times, seeking any point of attack; but I did not find a thing.

'Behold!' said the spectral voice, 'it descends.'

I looked up, and at once began to speak as if I were inspired.

'It is a monstrous creature. Perhaps it is simply because it has no resemblance to any kind of life. It is a chamber, and a chamber is something static and motionless. A chamber signifies immobility, repose. A chamber that moves is absurd, preposterous, like an automobile on a sofa. And look how stupid it is. Other machines that move through space have something that cut their way — a rudder, or a bow. That thing there does n't penetrate space; it simply crushes its way along like the reasoning processes of an idiot. Hundreds of times when I have been in it I have thought that, if the top stopped, the floor would keep on going up, and I should be squeezed like an accordion. Look at that great flat square platform descending without any animation at all, an utterly stupid affair, which, like all stupid things, entirely lacks any sense of direction. For it has to be supported on every side; it must move along dull symmetrical lines. Here it is at the first floor; look at it when it has stopped. It shows no signs of the movement that has been carrying it along. It is an example of inanimate motion; and that is why it is so peculiarly sad. The elevator begins to go down again now, just as slow and stupid as when it hung motionless in the air. A locomotive has entirely different expressions when it is moving and when it is standing still; and in the case of a locomotive, an automobile, an airplane, or a boat, we can imagine that it is rushing through space free and alive. Not so the elevator; we can only think of it as always supported on every side, a blind paralytic devoid of all feeling, without any illusion of liberty, without any desire for freedom. Is that not the essence of the elevator? And do you know what it is? It is going nowhere at all. That is the great advantage, my dear friend, in not deriving from any animal.'

My dear friend did not reply, but opened the little grill-work door severely and correctly, without looking at me, and waited till I walked in. All day and night I slept.

Slumber drove away my grouch, and when I awoke I did not remember my interesting polemic any more. It came back to me slowly as I was descending on foot to the ground floor. An idea came into my head.

I went out on business, and came back at a dead hour of the day. My friend was meditating at the foot of his high cage in front of the open elevator. Instead of going in, I drew myself up before him, and said: —

'I beg you to excuse me. I should like to say that I find I was mistaken. On thinking the matter over, I discovered something which will perhaps displease you, which may have some influence over the rest of your life; but it is my clear duty to tell you, and you can take whatever account of it you please.'

He remained impassive. 'I am listening, sir.'

'I must tell you that it is not true that the elevator does not derive from any living kind of animal. This fact ennobles it in my eyes and lowers it in

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yours, but it is of no importance; the only point is what is true.'

He looked at me suspiciously, anxiously, incredulously. As I paused, he betrayed his anxiety in this question: —

'Well, sir, what animal is it like?'

'The elevator is like a monkey, my dear friend. This hotel is the jungle. These great straight walls are the trunks of parallel trees, close together, and the monkey continually climbs up and down among them. But he cannot climb up the trunks themselves. No. Behold, he climbs with the aid of creepers hanging the length of the trees — these strong cords to which your elevator, your monkey, is attached, my friend.'

He made no reply, but looked at me and seemed to grow pale. After a long silence he said, with a great flourish: —

'Sir, do you wish to go up?'

When I saw him the next morning he was transfigured. After seeing me he forgot his style. His eyes sparkled under his high forehead, and his hairy fingers trembled.

'Perhaps it is true what you said, sir; but the monkey produced man, who is capable of reasoning, and by means of this sublime monkey I can turn myself into an angel, who raises himself up to contemplate the Creator.

'I arrived at this idea to-night during my sleep, when I seemed to be going up and down hundreds of times all alone in my machine. I felt myself master of it. I felt it in me, but no bestial element was dominating me; it was I clearly who had the upper hand, and in a flash I felt a very important idea coming over me, which is after all quite natural and which perhaps everybody who goes up has vaguely been aware of. Here it is. The elevator cannot stop if I do not stop it, so that on the day when I neglect to do so I know for certain that it will go up and up forever. It will pay no attention to the roof, but will pass through it without touching or feeling it, and continue straight up because, as you said yesterday, it cannot change its direction. Its direction is absolutely definite. It is Heaven, God. Without relying on rope or rule, without any kind of luck, it would arrive at the supreme, infinite summit.

'And I feel that my soul is nearly ready to take that flight with it. I shall do it, sir — perhaps soon, perhaps in a few days, perhaps even to-morrow.'

'That is really too bad,' I said, 'because I am leaving to-night.'

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SATIRIZING THE MILLENNIUM

BY IAN COLVIN AND AN UNKNOWN

[THESE two burlesques give a Russian and an English version of the apotheosis of Communism. Mr. Colvin's skit was written apropos of the recent dispute in the pro-Labor *Daily Herald* between the editor of that paper, Mr. Hamilton Fyfe, and Mr. Bernard Shaw on the subject of 'War Debts and Government Bonds.' Mr. Shaw complained of having been unjustly deprived of a large amount of interest on his war-time investment, and the *Daily Herald* told him that it served him right for helping to finance a capitalist war. H. G. Wells later entered the argument and extolled Mr. Shaw as a man of the highest integrity and a Socialist of parts. Mr. Shaw will be recognized as the Accused and Mr. Wells as the Witness. 'The Rabbit' makes fun of red tape among the Reds.]

I. THE SEQUEL[1]

SCENE: *Court of the Cheka in the Soviet Union of British Republics. The Judge in scarlet sits under a hatchment bearing the Hammer and Sickle. The Court is crowded with dilapidated and despondent intelligentsia. In the dock an old man with Mephistophelian countenance and a white beard. Can it be Mr. Bernard Shaw?*

THE JUDGE. What is the charge against this traitor?

COMMISSAR OF PROSECUTIONS (*who bears a suspicious resemblance to Sir Henry Slesser*). M'lud—

THE JUDGE. How often am I to remind you that that reactionary form of address is no longer permitted?

C. OF P. I regret it, m'lud.

THE JUDGE. Again!

C. OF P. Comrade, it is a habit which I am striving earnestly to unlearn.

THE JUDGE. That is better. What is the charge?

C. OF P. The charge, comrade, is that the accused was a Menshevik, a Social Democrat, a Fabian, a Capitalist, and a Patriot. . . .

(*Murmurs in Court*)

THE JUDGE. I can see that he is guilty. (*To the* ACCUSED) Have you anything to say?

THE ACCUSED. Where is the Jury?

THE JUDGE. Your ignorance is in itself a treason. Juries were abolished as a bourgeois and reactionary institution when they refused to find the Mensheviki MacDonald, Thomas, Clynes, Snowden, and certain others guilty of treason to the proletariat.

THE ACCUSED. I can no longer afford to buy a paper. What happened to them?

THE JUDGE (*gloomily*). What will happen also to you.

THE ACCUSED. Am I allowed counsel?

THE JUDGE. No. We have a monopoly of legality.

C. OF P. He can speak well enough for himself, m'lud — I mean, comrade.

THE ACCUSED. That was how I became famous.

[1] From the *Morning Post* (London Tory daily), *August* 13

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THE JUDGE. I have not heard of him.

C. OF P. Comrade, he was a writer of plays.

THE JUDGE. What are plays?

THE ACCUSED. Now I know that this is a court of justice.

C. OF P. They were, m'lud,— I mean, comrade,— a form of entertainment until the accused made them a form of propaganda.

THE JUDGE. What kind of propaganda?

C. OF P. Partly for himself, m'comrade, and partly for Socialism.

THE JUDGE. What kind of Socialism?

C. OF P. Fabian Socialism, m'comrade.

THE JUDGE. It is no longer permitted.

C. OF P. Exactly, m'lud — comrade, but the charge is that under the old régime he invested in Government War Loan.

THE JUDGE. We may as well, perhaps, have the evidence.

C. OF P. He admitted it in the capitalist press and in the *Daily Herald.*

THE JUDGE. But the *Daily Herald* has been suppressed!

C. OF P. I submit that, although the *Daily Herald* has been suppressed, the editor can still be called.

THE JUDGE. But I hanged the editor.

C. OF P. That is so, m'comrade; but that was another editor.

THE JUDGE. Let me see, one Hamilton Fyfe, a member of the bourgeoisie?

C. OF P. Exactly, m'lud. He had resigned before this evidence appeared. His successor —

THE JUDGE. I shall hang him also.

C. OF P. Very well, m'comrade; but in the meantime he is our chief witness.

THE JUDGE. Witnesses are no longer necessary. What does he depose?

C. OF P. That the accused admitted the crime.

THE ACCUSED. What crime?

THE JUDGE. You are not permitted to ask of what you are accused.

C. OF P. His investment in War Loan stock proves that he was a capitalist.

THE ACCUSED. It was a small amount.

C. OF P. Then a militarist.

THE ACCUSED. But my country was attacked.

C. OF P. Then a patriot.

THE ACCUSED. I repudiate that; you must be thinking of Shakespeare. It is one of the points in which I do not resemble him.

THE JUDGE. Then why did you invest in war loan?

THE ACCUSED. For the interest, of course.

THE JUDGE. Then you are a usurer.

THE ACCUSED. But the interest was low.

THE JUDGE. If it had been higher, you would have had more temptation, and therefore a better excuse.

THE ACCUSED. The severity of your judgments confirms me in the impression I had gathered from your ignorance of the theatre. You must have been, under the old régime, a dramatic critic.

THE JUDGE. It is your future and not my past that is in question, and you do not help yourself by insulting the Court. Has the prisoner any previous convictions in his favor?

C. OF P. Only one, m'lud. He was once caught growing mustard and cress in a window box in the Adelphi.

THE JUDGE. Ah, so he has engaged in private trading.

THE ACCUSED. No, I am a vegetarian, and was providing my own table.

THE JUDGE. A food-hoarder! This becomes serious.

THE ACCUSED. You are considering my punishment before I state my defense.

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THE JUDGE. Take care, or I may also convict you of contempt of court.

THE ACCUSED. May I remind you, then, in mitigation of sentence, that I was a pioneer in the cause which has placed you in power. I am the Voltaire of the British Revolution.

THE JUDGE. This is your own story; but I have never heard of you.

THE ACCUSED. Ingratitude, thy name is Labor!

C. OF P. Need we delay any further, comrade? We have seventeen authors, nine bishops, and one hundred and fifty trade-union officials to get through before lunch.

THE ACCUSED. But I have a witness.

THE JUDGE. I have made up my mind.

THE ACCUSED. He is, bar myself, the greatest writer of the age.

THE JUDGE. No matter.

THE ACCUSED. He has been to Moscow.

THE JUDGE. That makes a difference; but tell him to be short.

THE ACCUSED. You do not know him!

THE JUDGE. Who is he?

THE ACCUSED. H. G. Wells.

THE JUDGE. I seem to know the name. Was he not, under the old régime, a tobacco speculator?

THE ACCUSED. I am consoled.

(*At this point a shrunken little figure, whose clothes hang loosely about him, enters the witness box.*)

THE JUDGE. Who are you?

THE WITNESS. Your question shows that, by some flaw in the mechanism of revolution, the best people have not come to the top.

THE JUDGE. Answer my question.

THE WITNESS. I have written my autobiography in twenty works of fiction. I have skinned myself in public. And now to be asked who I am — it is an insult.

THE JUDGE. Do you know the prisoner?

THE WITNESS. The greatest figure in British Socialism.

THE JUDGE. Be careful how you speak of a traitor to the proletariat. You may incriminate yourself. Is it true that he was a capitalist?

THE WITNESS. He lived comfortably under the old régime.

THE JUDGE. By what right?

THE WITNESS. By the right of genius.

THE JUDGE. Do you not know that it has been decreed that all men are equal?

THE WITNESS. But you are asking me as to what happened before.

THE JUDGE. Our decrees are retrospective.

C. OF P. (*intervening*). The witness was also a capitalist, m'lud. You will remember that we confiscated his royalties.

THE WITNESS (*losing his temper*). You are a pack of rascals and hooligans.

THE JUDGE. Put him in the dock beside the other.

FIRST ACCUSED. I knew you would make a hash of it.

SECOND ACCUSED. It was you who got me into it.

FIRST ACCUSED. Well, it serves us both right. We have brought it on ourselves.

THE JUDGE. I will now proceed to pass sentence in the name of the proletariat.

[CURTAIN]

II. A RABBIT'S LIFE [2]

JUST when and where the rumor started that the Mining Department had decided to horseshoe all camels in the country is unknown. But such a rumor existed. The Rabbit's aunt told him about it — and she had seen a haystack in her dream. Clearly, a rabbit's

[2] From *Krokodil* (Moscow humoristic weekly), *July* 28

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aunt could n't have dreamed of a haystack for nothing; and the Rabbit became worried.

'It'll be too late, when they have put horseshoes on me, to try and prove that I am not a camel, but a rabbit!'

The Rabbit was a person of vast practical experience, and he understood very well that it would be much easier and safer to prove his rabbit identity now than after the irreparable damage had been done. He already fancied himself the satisfied holder of a certificate proving that he was not a camel; and he imagined the moment when he would proudly produce this paper before the authorities that would come to fetch him to be shod, and say: —

'Try and get me shod! I am not a camel; I'm a rabbit — that's what I am!'

But then, fancy is fancy, and life is life. The rabbit thought long and painfully where to go for such a certificate, and finally concluded that he could do nothing over the head of the House Committee. More than once his rabbit's heart sank as he ascended the stairs to the Committee office.

'What if they have learned in the meantime the things I said to my wife concerning their last elections? "How's that, citizen?" they will say. "You have spoken against the Communist Party members?" And there 'll be no back talk!'

The Rabbit shuffled a long time before he opened the office door, trying to remember whether he had paid all the requisite contributions, collections, and taxes. And, bathed in cold sweat, he recalled that he had not paid for the lighting of his stairway! He felt for the bank note in his pocket, made the sign of the cross, and walked in.

'C-c-comrades,' he stammered. 'I came for some information — a tiny bit of information, comrades — '

The comrade at the desk answered dryly: —

'Wait, citizen. Don't interfere.'

The Rabbit remained petrified for an hour and a half, not daring to take a seat. Finally, he was spoken to.

'Well, what's yours, citizen?'

'You see, comrade, I should like an official, so to speak, paper — a certificate, so to speak, from the House Committee to the effect that I am really a rabbit.'

'And what do you need it for?'

'Generally speaking, you know, it might be a good thing to have. A certificate is a good thing to have. Set down in black and white that "the bearer of this is a rabbit — which we, the undersigned, certify in our handwriting, the official seal being hereto —" '

But the chairman of the House Committee very reasonably objected: —

'Yes, but how shall we fill in the line below where it says: "To be presented to —— " Presented where, citizen? I'll be damned if I understand — '

Suddenly the Rabbit had a brilliant idea: —

'To be presented at the requisite office!'

The chairman could not object to 'requisite office,' but he remained deep in thought.

'But how can we warrant that you are really a rabbit?' he asked.

'Why, comrade, you don't believe I'm a camel, do you?'

'Well, of course, to judge by your looks you are a rabbit. And yet — Michael! Any back taxes due on him?'

'No.'

'Very well. Then we will write this for you: "The bearer is actually domiciled in house number ——, and, according to his own statement, he is a rabbit." And then you may go to the District Soviet and ask for a certificate.'

The officer of the day at the District

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Soviet met the Rabbit with stern politeness.

'Don't crowd the entrance, comrade. Remember the rules for foot traffic. What is it you want?'

The Rabbit stated his case in detail. The officer of the day was a bright fellow.

'You want it for a passport to go abroad?'

'No, comrade. To be presented to the requisite establishments.'

'Something like changing your name. I see. From Camel to Rabbit. Very well. You have a full right to it, citizen. But you've got to go to the Registry Office for that — that's the place for you to go.'

'Not to change, comrade — I'm not changing anything,' the Rabbit implored pitifully. 'I'm really a rabbit, am I not? Just a certificate!'

'I see perfectly well that you are a rabbit — but how can I certify it? Where do I know it from? I have never been told so. If you had a paper from the Registry Office — well, that would be a different matter altogether!'

It was a discouraged Rabbit that made his way to the Registry Office. A curly-headed young lady met him there, and sympathized: —

'Don't you see, citizen, if you had only been born during Soviet rule it would have been very simple. You'd have had a birth certificate to that effect. And now — why, I don't know . . . '

'But I *am* a rabbit — am I not?'

'Of course you are! I see that you are. But what can I do? However, put an announcement in the paper to the effect that so-and-so is a rabbit. Then send us a declaration, stamp duty prepaid to the amount of thirty-five roubles, accompanied by memoranda from your House Committee, from the Smallpox Vaccination Department, from the Financial Inspector, from the Criminal Police, and from the Cheka —'

When the emaciated Rabbit, with a few bald spots on his coat, finally brought all the slips and memoranda to the Registry Office as required by the curly-headed girl, she was no longer employed there; she had been dismissed on account of the economy régime. The head officer looked at the Rabbit gloomily and said: —

'It's all to no purpose, citizen. We cannot give you that certificate. If at least you wanted to change something — well, I'd understand it then. But as it is — Go to the Head Office. We can't do it. How could we up and write a certificate that a rabbit is really a rabbit?'

At the Head Office the Rabbit eagerly filled a long questionnaire, telling his life and work before the Revolution of 1905, before the Revolution of February 1917, before the Revolution of October 1917, and enumerating all his relatives. He paid a stamp duty and a fine for something, he did not know what; then he 'returned to-morrow' several times. A clean-shaven young man said to him sternly: —

'Your documents are all right, citizen, but we have no official information to the effect that you are really a rabbit — that's where the thing falls through.'

'But I am a rabbit!' the Rabbit moaned.

'So I see, citizen. But I have no proof to that effect. If you had brought me a paper certifying that you are actually a rabbit — well, then — And otherwise —'

Until the date set for the dreaded meeting of the Mining Department the Rabbit kept crawling from office to office, but in vain. The meeting took place without having any immediate effect on his destiny. But the cunning Rabbit, remembering his aunt's pro-

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phetic dream, still endeavored to secure in the Department of Social Insurance a certificate to the effect that shoeing would be injurious to his health.

Alas, the Examining Commission, although it agreed that there was no need for shoeing the Rabbit, declined to give him a certificate.

'We are not veterinarians,' they said. 'Horseshoeing pertains to a veterinarian. How could we — '

MEMORIES OF OUIDA[1]

BY HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL

EVERYBODY called her Ouida — her own pronunciation when she was a child of her Christian name Louise. In an ancient *Who's Who* I find this entry: 'Ouida (Mlle. Louise de la Ramée), father English, mother French.' As a matter of fact, her mother, a Miss Sutton, was English, and her father, a Monsieur Ramé, French. Monsieur Ramé seems to have disappeared mysteriously about the time of the Paris Commune. Ouida assumed, characteristically, the 'de la' and the final *e*. Toward the middle of her life she wrote to her generous friend and publisher, the late Baron Tauchnitz, 'Please to address me Madame de la Ramé or Madame Ouida at all times.' From this we may assume that the final *e* was annexed later than 1882.

I saw her for the first time in Florence at the house of her friend and devotee, Madame de Tchiatcheff. Ouida was born in 1839, and must have been then about forty-three. I thought her very ugly, with beautiful hands and feet. Out of a sallow face sparkled a pair of blue eyes; her pale hair hung down her back; she wore white satin and white satin shoes. Pilgrims were led meekly to the throne, a sofa, and presented to the goddess who looked like Minerva.

She was witty, and too often very disagreeable. Upon one occasion a young American girl got the better of her. She had been introduced to Ouida, then at the height of her vogue.

'This,' said the Mistress of the Ceremonies, 'is Miss X, an American.'

'Quite unnecessary to mention that, *ma chère*; I knew Miss X was an American as soon as she opened her mouth.'

The young lady smiled sweetly.

'It may interest you,' she said, in a loud, clear voice, audible throughout the big salon, 'to know my first impression of you. I really thought that you had escaped from a menagerie.'

Upon another occasion, she said to her hostess: 'There is somebody over there who has been staring at me persistently for two hours. Perhaps it is time to present her to me.'

All her life she owned many dogs, and treated them better than she treated her friends. She gave a white Maremma hound to a lady in Florence.

'That dog of yours — !' exclaimed the lady, meeting Ouida next day.

'What has happened?'

[1] From *T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly* (London popular weekly), *August* 21

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'He has bitten one of my children severely.'

'Heavens! How you frightened me! I thought something had gone wrong with the dog.'

I have read all Ouida's novels. She wrote to please herself, and she disdained criticism. She perpetrated terrible howlers. In the Grand Military Steeplechase several horses started with odds on each! Her most famous hero was styled 'Beauty of the Brigades.' It was negligible to Ouida that there is only one Brigade of Guards. She achieved atmosphere regardless of the eternal verities.

Her novel, *Friendship*, set Florence by the ears in 1878. She became infatuated with the Marchese della Stufa, portrayed as Ioris. The heroine, Etoile, is herself. That eccentric old personage, Lady Orford, a friend of Ouida's whom I knew quite well, was admirably hit off as Lady Cardiff. It would be stirring up mud to say more about this malicious book. Ouida's literary sin was the greater because she was under obligations to the lady whom she pilloried as Lady Joan. When I was in Florence in '83 society was divided into two camps, the Ouidaites and the anti-Ouidaites.

She had many friends, who stood stoutly by her. From some she accepted financial help, rejecting it from others with eccentric unreason. In Elizabeth Lee's *Memoir* of her, it is recorded that a constant friend offered her, in her old age, a *villino*. 'Woman,' exclaimed Ouida, 'do you think I can live in a box?'

The earlier novels, *Signa*, *Two Little Wooden Shoes*, *A Dog of Flanders*, and *Ariadne*, are captivating. *Tricotrin* and *Pascarel* may, possibly, have helped to inspire Locke's *Beloved Vagabond*. I have never asked him if this is so.

Bimbi touches high-water mark. She must have earned and spent large sums of money. She died, as all the world knows, in poverty. She refused a pension from the British Government and afterward accepted it. She said once to a kinsman of mine: 'It is the privilege of wealth to give to genius.'

She is at her best when she describes, with amazing vividness, simple scenes and simple people. Her worst novels were her best sellers. Did she write about dukes and guardsmen with her tongue in her cheek? We shall never know. Probably not. She gave to her great people great names — Broceliande, Lyonesse, Guilderoy. She reveled in the plural. Princess Zouroff, in *Moths*, prinking to meet Corréze (Mario) at some embassy ball, puts herself into the hands of *women!* One beholds with awe at least half a dozen Abigails.

But, in the pure English of to-day, she 'got her stuff across.' Young persons read Ouida in secret, and were thrilled when the hero snatched a rifle from a forester and put a bullet through the eye of an eagle soaring a thousand feet above deep green woods!

At the moment one believed in her characters, and it may be contended, therefore, that she believed in them herself. Many Victorians regarded her as a Juvenal in petticoats because she scourged the vices of the aristocracy. Other Victorians denounced her novels as immoral because vice, as she presented it, was most damnably attractive. As a boy at Harrow, in a house where her works were on the Index, I regretted my inability to throw guinea peaches at the heads of frail women. I wanted to have a 'monkey' at least upon possible winners of the Leger and National. I was seized with a desire to possess a hookah with a gold mouthpiece. Scores of men of my vintage have admitted to me, grinningly, that Ouida inspired just such ridiculous ambitions in them.

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She was an amalgam of ignorance and knowledge. Apart from the blunders in her novels, she betrayed the same reckless disregard of facts in her studies and essays, most admirably written. She fulminated against Queen Victoria because she actually did n't know that the English Monarchy is constitutional. She believed that Her Majesty could end the Boer War by merely holding up a finger! Any special case — such as vivisection or cruelty to animals — pleaded by her sincerely and passionately was weakened to breaking point by this astounding indifference to facts. She held *The Massarenes* to be her best book ('worth a thousand *Trilbys*,' she wrote to Tauchnitz). It remains, unread, her worst, because her indictment of wealth and fashion was ludicrously overdrawn. I believe it would be possible to take from her books passages of such beauty that they might be accepted to-day as worthy to endure, but great care would have to be exercised.

She had inordinate vanity, and no sense of humor. Probably she never saw a joke against herself. When George Eliot died, she wrote: 'You must make much of me, for now George Eliott is gone there is no one else who can write English.' It will be noted that she misspelled George Eliot's name! I have been reading some of her letters. The handwriting indicates many graces, but it — reels! She was as lavish with thick, cream-laid note paper as with adjectives.

To what extent did she influence contemporary writers? That is a difficult question to answer. Lawrence may have influenced her. Guy Livingstone, when he lay a-dying, crushed a massive tankard flat between his fingers; and he used a gun of elephantine bore wherewith to slay bunnies! I confess that my first novel was entitled *The Princess San Giorgio* — written after reading and meeting Ouida. A friend and publisher advised me to burn it. I did.

Apart from her descriptions Ouida relied almost entirely upon her imaginative powers. If she saw Mayfair, she saw it through the plate-glass windows of the Langham Hotel. She never observed life as it is. Men like Arnold Bennett and Wells may have said to themselves, 'Dear old Ouida is an object lesson of how not to do it.'

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PIRANDELLO INTERVIEWED [1]

BY A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

THE wonderfully shaped head of Pirandello recalls the classic Dutch portraits of the Senators. I found Pirandello resting in an easy-chair, dressed in a pair of grayish-blue pyjamas, with his eyes shut. But this is no pose, for Pirandello looks very tired indeed. He looks visibly exhausted, but was, nevertheless, quite willing to be interviewed.

'I was very glad to be able to make my world tour,' he said. 'It meant another opportunity to interpret in the world's great cities the artistic greatness of Italy. It is true that in this case it was not a hero or heroine of the drama, like the unforgettable Duse, who succeeded in gaining the appreciation of foreign countries through interpreters. My personal impression is that of all my dramas only one was really very much liked by Berlin audiences — that entitled *Sei personaggi* ('Six Characters').

'Unfortunately I had rather an awkward experience with this play in London. During one of the performances a police officer came up to the stage and announced that the play could not be carried on. With obvious surprise, I asked him why. He replied that "it had an undesirable effect on the minds of the people," and he consequently asked me to discontinue the performance.

'Of course, I had to comply with his wishes, although I must admit that it rather annoyed me, and I considered it extraordinary that a great country with Western civilization should have a representative who behaved in such a childish manner. To my great satisfaction I found that Mr. Bernard Shaw had taken up the matter in the press; and my satisfaction was even greater when I found that he had included this play of mine in the repertoire of the theatre where his plays are usually produced. After this I found that no veto was put against my play, and *Sei personaggi* was produced with great success.'

'What were your impressions when you arrived back from your foreign tour?'

'I have learned a great deal, especially in Berlin. Reinhardt is a great man. He is even greater than his fame. In England I found that Craig is a man from whom I can still learn a great deal. I very much regret that I was unable to go to Russia. There they seem to like my plays very much, and I should love to see how the Russians produced my play, *Tairoff*. As regards theatres, I had not much to learn from Paris.'

'Are you writing a new play now?'

'Of course I am. I have finished several comedies. They are to be entitled *New Colony*, *First Wife*, *Somebody or Nobody*, and *Duana*. I am also just finishing a long novel. It will probably be entitled *One of the Thousand*.'

'And how do you work — to a fixed programme?'

'No, I have no fixed programme.

[1] From the *Observer* (London Independent Sunday paper), *August* 15

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My life consists of impressions, and I always endeavor to reflect these impressions in my writings. I always want to be different and original. I really could not tell you which of my works is my favorite one. They are all equally dear to me; they are all the creation of my nerves and energy. To every one of them there is some souvenir attached, souvenirs which even now have great effect upon me; they imbue me with feverish energy — in short, they inspire me. Thus you will understand why I am the last who would be able to set up a standard of value of my works.'

'What do you think of criticism? What are your relations with the critics?'

'Let me answer first the latter part of your question. I dislike critics, and I don't believe them. To my mind "criticism" as an art in itself is utterly unthinkable. If criticism is of intrinsic value itself it automatically becomes an essay. In such cases the critic — I am, of course, thinking of the really talented critic — gives more of his own self than merely the impression that a book, a piece of music, or a play might exercise on his mind. Again, if the critic does not possess sufficient literary "touch" — that is, if he is not really talented — his points of view are apt to become petty, his ability of judging appears unstable, his definitions will prove unwarranted and ill-informed — in short, he will be biased. He who carries verve into his criticism is really a born writer himself and is doing literary work. The only things I do believe in, and the only things that matter, are the likes and dislikes of the readers of a book or the onlookers of a play, for these are spontaneous.'

'How is it that you started writing your plays only at a somewhat advanced age?'

'The Great War made me realize the fact that the best form of dramatic action is the stage. Up till then I simply hated the stage.'

'So the war gave you lively impressions; and I presume it has led you to form certain political opinions. May I ask what your political views are?'

'I am a Nationalist. I would go even further and say that I am a Fascist. Mussolini, to my mind, is a genius of statesmanship. In Nationalism the most active human thoughts are embodied. However, you will find no trace in my writings of my political beliefs. A poet, I think, is quite entitled to attach himself to any political creed or party as long as he does not give vent to his political convictions in his writings.'

'What is your opinion of Bernard Shaw?'

'He is an excellent penman. His humor and individuality are, however, so typically English that I could draw no parallel between Shaw and myself. You know I am inseparably associated with the soil — of Sicily.'

'And Anatole France?'

'I am a profound admirer of his works. There are many who seem to discover some common traces between France and myself, especially in the realms of irony. But really all that is common between us is that we both love humanity, we both seem to be able to see the world in its grotesque lights.'

'And what do you think of your compatriot, Gabriele d'Annunzio?'

'I should really prefer not to say anything about him. He is, I believe, in everything just the opposite of what I am. He is all pose and pathos — and very excellently, almost classically, acted repose. For myself, I feel that I am of the modern, the throbbing life.'

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Four Days of Cricket

ALTHOUGH it is played only in England, Australia, and the suburbs of Philadelphia, cricket is the sport of which the high-bred Britisher is most proud. A peculiar mentality is obviously needed to enjoy a game that it sometimes takes a week to settle, a game in which the players, like theatregoers in a fire, must walk, not run, to the nearest exit, a game around which a unique sporting literature has grown up. In the recent series of 'Test Matches' between England and Australia the traditions of cricket expanded in full flower in the British press. Indeed it is literally true to say that it attracted nearly as much comment as the general strike.

These matches — the World's Series in their own line — began quietly enough with mere three-day affairs, none of which came to a decision, although four of them were played. The blame for these ties is put chiefly on the shoulders of Hobbs, the Babe Ruth of the game, whose eagerness to make a century every time he came to bat caused him to play so cautiously that on one occasion it took him two hours to raise his score from 80 to 100. Even the slow-tempered Englishmen grew indignant at stalling on such a vast scale, and it is now generally agreed that future matches must run four days, or, better still, go to a decision each time.

The progress of the time-limit matches was enlivened by frequent changes of captains. Mr. Carr was the original English leader, and was followed by Mr. Chapman. It is most important to observe the 'Mr.'s' that we are appending to these two names, for they are both 'Gentlemen' — in other words, amateurs; whereas Hobbs and Sutcliffe, the heroes of the series, are 'Players,' — that is, professionals, — and do not rate a 'Mr.' Some ancient cricketer once said that when a professional captained an English team in the Test Match that would be the end of decent cricket in England. Naturally enough, this remark was recalled to the general public when Hobbs assumed command of the team for one afternoon, though he seems to have acquitted himself well enough. But it was a break in tradition, and Mr. Chapman, although not even captain of the county team, took over this important job, which somewhat corresponds to that of manager of one of our ball teams.

Well, anyway, after playing four draws, the teams at last buckled down to the final struggle, which the *Saturday Review* describes as follows: —

> The English victory over Australia was achieved in a match which will not be forgotten quickly. At the end there was anticlimax; until the Australians collapsed the struggle was a grim tug-of-war, both sides pulling the rope evenly and bitterly. The sudden finish to it all was as though the rope snapped because of some unsuspected weak strand within; the Australians went sprawling to earth with a comprehensive lack of dignity.
>
> From Saturday till Wednesday noon the match gave us stern cricket. Fate seemed to be in the play from the outset. When the first ball was bowled we all knew that at last there was no means of escape for one of the two teams. The antagonists were here at bay in a corner, trapped ruthlessly

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All the accounts bristle with little phrases and sentences in which one can almost hear that tired, high-pitched drawl of the Englishman with which some of us are painfully familiar. This little item seemed as good and as thoroughly pointless as any: —

Clearly Rhodes ought to have played in all five matches. He is still Rhodes.

Empress of Greece

HER full name is Princess Eugenie Nicephoru-Comnenu-Palaeologu, and she is a direct descendant of Constantine XI, who, in the fifteenth century, was the last Byzantine Emperor of the East. Princess Eugenie is the widow of Colonel Edmund H. Wickham of the British Army, and she lives at Bath with her daughter and son-in-law. Three of her sons died in the war fighting on the British side, and the fourth was drowned. She claims her title on the strength of absolutely authentic documents recognized by several European Governments, who, however, refuse to help her to come into her own. In 1898, when she was last in Greece, King George recognized her as a member of the Royal Family; and the late Lord Salisbury once remarked that if her father had been possessed of half her fire she would now be Queen of Greece. Her faith in various prophecies concerning her ultimate triumph keeps this spirited old lady in the best of health, and at the age of seventy-seven she made this statement to the *Westminster Gazette:* —

I do not know how or when the time may come, but it is written that the great Constantine's descendant will one day rule in the land of her fathers, and she will be unable to die until this prophecy is fulfilled.

Do you know that there is another prophecy that has been fulfilled by us? An old rhyme runs: —

When the Cock and the Bull shall unite
The Crescent shall wane,
And the Cross shall regain
Its own again.

My father's crest from the de Bouillons was a cock, my mother's was a bull. The name we assumed in exile was di Cristo Foro, and our motto is *Christum ferens*, meaning 'Bearer of the Cross.'

Thus you see in me, the woman descended from the three great imperial houses of Byzantium, a fulfillment of this prophecy.

I have been told, too, that it is a woman who is to lead the victorious Greeks to the gates of Constantinople, that she is to ride on a white horse and carry the emblem of Christ's passion in her hand; also, that she will place her hand on the gate that none can open or destroy, that a path will be opened for her and her troops, and that she will enter the church of St. Sophia, when the Patriarch from behind the wall will advance toward her as she seats herself on a throne near by, crown her, and then drop into dust at her feet.

Shaw and Germany Again

PROVINCIAL Mr. Bernard Shaw recently announced to an indignant world that England was a barbarous country, and that Germany was the only home of true culture. When his neighbors told him that if he did n't like them he had better move to Berlin, he was presumably delighted, and reflected once more on the stupidity of the British. But he will have a harder time getting back at a German, Carl Schmitz by name, who points out the simple fact that the governing classes in both countries have just about the same opinions about artists. In an open letter to the *Observer* Herr Schmitz expressed himself as follows: —

'I regard it as certain that if you had been a German writer our political authorities would have thought twice before signifying their wish that you

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may still enjoy good health and continue to write for many years yet as you do in England. In questions of culture we are at least quite as barbaric as you declare England to be. Unhappily I feel bound to correct you here. Irony makes you assert that among the governing classes in England art is loved only in secret. Do not imagine that it is otherwise with us; and do not imagine that our governing classes are capable of absorbing more from art than those in other countries, merely because they congratulate a foreign dramatist.

'I question very much, therefore, whether the governing classes in England understand less of art than we do, or that they are barbarians. This particular paradox of yours falls flat. I find, on the other hand, that English diplomacy knows how to be silent, while ours is occasionally too glib. This has made England great and Germany small. We have not even a sense of proportion; we cannot discriminate. But I would not advise you to write a play on the subject in the Shavian manner. Were you to do so, you would learn that one must not allow one's self to be deceived by occasional attentions which are of a purely private nature, cost nothing, and bind us to nothing.

'By such extra turns our governing classes certainly seem to show that they can appreciate art as approved by you. Do not forget, however, that there are also exceptions, and, first and foremost, that there is prevalent in Germany a real mania for everything foreign, even if it is the greatest humbug, so that our average capacity for judging that which appertains to that Super-Republic of art and thought extolled by you is in fact most deficient. We do not care to hear much about this, because this Utopia was expatiated upon by our own classical writers — the same masters to whom, according to your letter, you owe so much.

'In this sense, then, recognition by us signifies no distinction for you. This, no doubt, will somewhat surprise you. I am certain, moreover, that no one grudges England the honor of possessing you, and also that the reason why you have so many admirers in Germany is that here truth is weighed in exactly the same way as elsewhere — that is to say, those truths regarding other nations current among us find ready acceptance, particularly when they are of a disagreeable nature, whereas we greatly resent hearing home truths about ourselves. So people clap their hands and chuckle: "A splendid fellow, this Shaw! How he lets the English have it!" But you earn money here. That is your fame.

'Finally, I would point out that you have made a slight slip. You recall the great German masters and embarrass your worshipers terribly by declaring your indebtedness to them. You do yourself an injury; for on this point we in Germany are very touchy. We do not care to be reminded of these masters, and regard them as Mr. Shaw regards Shakespeare, who is not a complete back-number here merely because he is a foreigner.'

S. C. R.

According to Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie, president of the organization, these initials stand for the Society for Cultural Relations between the People of the British Commonwealth and the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics. So as not to frighten Mr. Winston Churchill, the Russian part of the title is not even expressed in the abbreviated version, but it would be hard to prevent the more daring members from imagining that the *R* stood in their minds for Russia and not for Relations.

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Be this as it may, the S. C. R. has made a brilliant success. The succinct Mr. Abercrombie expresses the matter as follows: 'People — not enough people, certainly, but some, and indeed a good many — begin to find that they can allude to the S. C. R. without being considered peculiar people.' Now that we have been so definitely assured by the president himself of the precise extent of his society's membership, it is time to consider its aims.

'The Society,' we are told, 'is concerned with Russia, not with the bogy of the politicians.' In other words, it is interested in the Russia that is painting the best pictures, putting on the best plays, writing the best music in the world. Fussy critics might suggest that there is a connection between the artistic vitality of the country and its Government — or 'bogy,' as some of us call it. To be sure, the State finances and encourages the artist in Russia more than in any other country, with the possible exception of Mexico. With this State, Mr. Abercrombie's friends assert, they have no concern, but it would hardly be strange if the Conservative element should not accuse them either of insincerity or of idiocy.

What the S. C. R. hopes to do is to break down the barrier that politicians have erected between the peoples of the two countries. 'England is still England, and Russia is still Russia, and nobody can prevent an Englishman from enjoying Moussorgskii or Dostoevskii,' says Mr. Abercrombie. As to the difficulty of forcing an Englishman to relish Slavic art or of tempting a moujik with the works of Sir Hall Caine, nothing is said. Since the late nineties the Russian cult has been an active one in London's Bohemia. The S. C. R. has a man-sized job on its hands if it hopes to swell the ranks of this group by its proposed lectures and exhibits in various British cities. To dissociate artistic Russia from political Russia is a labor worthy of the most romantic Englishman.

Ian Hay on Education

LABORING under that ancient belief that an Englishman is as different from a Scotchman as a Chinaman is from a Swede, Major Ian Hay Beith recently defended the old-fashioned British education before a London audience. The lucky chance thanks to which Englishmen and Scotchmen speak the same language enabled him to make his exotic attitude quite clear to his foreign hearers — for, as the name indicates, Major Beith is a fellow countryman of Harry Lauder.

The point of the lecture was that the 'average man' is the glory of the British Commonwealth of Nations. Although the Englishman is seldom wisely led, he is taught at an early age to obey orders, however foolish they may be. Not so the Scotchman — though Major Beith did not enlarge upon the contrast that all his listeners must have felt between them and him. The average Englishman, he said, was neither brilliant nor spectacular, but he was reliable. This cast of mind can best be attained after an education in the course of which young people are kept so bored by discipline that they will be bound to work. Having been a school-teacher himself, he knew that the last thing any pupil wants is an education. Quite a few teachers, he finds, have made the cardinal mistake of thinking that their little charges are interested in learning something.

Major Beith knows better. Thanks to good old British methods, a race of platoon commanders, country curates, slum doctors, and provincial schoolteachers had been bred — not a race

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of gods, or anything like that. A flight of delightful Scotch fancy, so much too ethereal for heavy English wings, then led him to compare the British Commonwealth of Nations to a ship of state with superior creatures looking portentously down from the quarter-deck at the grousing, grumbling average man, the finest flower of Anglo-Saxon civilization. Unheeded, and often unsupervised, these minions keep the paddle-wheels of the great vessel turning. Apparently the direction the boat may take is a matter of no very great concern.

Class War in the Movies

'BEFORE it definitely disappears in the maw of the American film octopus,' remarks the Red and romantic London *Daily Herald*, 'the German film industry is making its last bow to its old ideals with the fantastic, brilliantly executed tale of "Metropolis"—the city of machines.'

Their lyrical Berlin correspondent then goes on to describe this new German picture, evidently something like *R. U. R.*, which for a while exalts those sound ideas of class warfare that have attracted so many followers among the indigent and the affluent. Our miserable mechanical era is shown culminating in a city sharply divided into the Upper and the Lower Towns. Bathed in eternal artificial light, the neo-coolies of the inferior section eke out miserable lives, while the ruling classes upstairs enjoy all the pleasures which materialist and mystic agree in regarding as hopelessly inadequate. So envious, however, do the workers become of the vain joys of their exploiters that they make an unsuccessful attempt to crash the gates of the capitalist paradise. After beating them back, the master class decide to construct mechanical men who will not only defeat, but entirely eliminate, the slaves.

But they put too much juniper juice in the flavoring, and the first product of their factory takes the side of the workers, who smash the central machine that orders all their lives. At this juncture the plot becomes what the *Daily Herald* scornfully calls 'conventional.' Not only is a love tale interwoven with the struggle, but Cupid's victims are triumphant, and in the last happy scene we see all classes reconciled 'for the benefit of all, even for the people in the depths.' Radical sympathizers might do worse than leave the theatre as soon as the hero shows the first signs of mushiness, and go out into a brighter world with a more hateful heart.

Our Unhappy Housewives

THANKS to the intelligence of Mrs. H. Egan, one of the foremost American clubwomen, our unhappy housewives can at last discover what is the matter with them. Mrs. Egan has been to England, where she discovered how life ought to be lived. Her impressions as communicated to the *Westminster Gazette* we reproduce here in the hope that they may lead our feminine readers into a much brighter future.

'I think the way your English women do their own housework,' she remarked, 'is perfectly marvelous. Why, our American women never dream of sweeping a floor, getting on hands and knees, cleaning a fireplace, or doing their own shopping. All they do is run around with an electric sweeper, press a switch for an electric fire, and get on the telephone to order all their provisions. They 'd think they were killed if they had to do half the work your ordinary English housewife does. The result is that nearly all our American women have to go in for

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expensive courses of gymnastics to get their weight down. American women are losing the use of their muscles; they don't bend enough. An English housewife is bending all the time, and that 's what makes her so graceful and slim.'

A very stupid member of the British Housewives' Association wistfully remarked that it was all very well to preserve a girlish figure by constant stooping, but that for her part she would gladly forgo a little slimness if life could be made a little easier than it is now. Perhaps if this misguided creature could accompany Mrs. Egan to Tibet, where women do a little real work, they would both come back wiser and happier than ever before.

Poor Mary Pickford

UNDER this heading the Russian paper, *Dni*, of Paris describes as follows the ovations accorded Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks in Moscow: —

'This great event — partly, perhaps, because it coincided with the day on which Dzerzhinskii died — apparently caused embarrassment to those who watch over the purity of the Russian people's Communist ideals. Moscow papers printed an official statement to the effect that, "Even though we consider Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks two of the foremost cinema actors, the Union of Soviet Cinematography takes a negative attitude toward them because as artists they represent the ideals of art and culture of the hostile bourgeois world. We declare that Pickford and Fairbanks have not seen the genuine revolutionary moving-picture public, and that we have nothing in common with the mass of kino-psychopaths who raved before their hotel."'

Another American Atrocity

THE way these American tourists carry on is a caution. They just never will learn how to behave. A typical instance occurred the other night in one of those nice refined Parisian music-halls which vulgar foreigners frequent in such large numbers. In one of the boxes, containing several ladies in full evening dress, a nasty American, deciding that the heat was oppressive, took off his coat right in front of everybody and settled down to enjoy the performance. Protests from the theatre staff only evoked the coarse and irrelevant reply, 'I have paid for the box,' and when a policeman intervened the American calmly remarked, 'My shirt is cleaner than my coat; and, besides, I have paid for the box.' Surely a nation that can be as revolted as the French were by this disgusting display of bad manners has bequeathed to civilization a code of behavior that is priceless. If some of us did not visit Paris now and then to check up on matters of etiquette, we should probably be eating peas off a knife and editing the *Living Age* with our feet on the desk.

Bare Arms in Church

ALTHOUGH the Pope himself issued instruction to women not to appear in church with low-neck dresses or bare arms, the decree is not being observed as faithfully as it might. Not long ago, for instance, an Englishwoman attended the Church of St. Silvester in Rome with her arms bare, when a young man in the congregation requested her to leave the building. She refused to do so, whereupon one of the priests also tried to prevail upon her to get out. Members of the congregation then rushed upon the two men and forcibly ejected them from the place of worship.

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BOOKS ABROAD

Dollar Diplomacy, by Scott Nearing and Joseph Freeman. London: Allen and Unwin; New York: The Viking Press. $2.50.

Problems in Pan-Americanism, by Samuel Guy Inman. London: Allen and Unwin; New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.00.

[*Times*]

Our vast financial interests in the Latin-American countries, apart from other considerations, make it of the utmost importance that we should be well informed as to those economic tendencies and movements of opinion within them by which these interests may be seriously affected. For this reason the two books under review should be welcomed and widely read. *Dollar Diplomacy*, indeed, as its subtitle suggests, is not concerned wholly, or even mainly, with the imperial expansion of the United States in the Western Hemisphere; it deals generally with 'the growth of United States economic interests abroad, and the diplomatic and military support accorded them by the Federal Government.' But it makes clear, by an imposing display of statistics, 'the steady penetration of American finance into the industrially undeveloped countries of Latin America,' and points out how 'State Department support for these investments expresses itself through the Monroe Doctrine.' Mr. Inman's book, which is based on many years' intimate study of conditions in many of the Latin-American countries, is largely directed against this imperialist policy, of which he points out the ill effects on the relations between the Southern Republics and the great Republic of the North. It is an appeal to the American people to revert to the 'pure' Monroe Doctrine, as the essential preliminary to the realization of that Pan-American ideal which he defines as 'the recognition of a community of interests between all American countries, and a determination to work these out coöperatively to the best advantage of all concerned.'

He is not blind to the immense obstacles in the way of such realization; for, if no other evidence existed, his book would supply plentiful proof of the resentment with which the Latin-Americans have watched the later developments of the Monroe Doctrine and the expansionist policy pursued under its ægis since the Spanish-American War. This temper, he says indeed, was modified by the part played by the United States in the Great War and the idealism which inspired it. But the war had other reactions, which have tended to revive the old resentment. By cutting off the Latin-Americans from Europe, it forced them on the one hand to apply themselves to the uncongenial task of developing their own resources, and on the other hand to turn for aid to the United States — North American finance, shipping, and commerce largely replacing those of Europe. The result has been that, just when they were beginning to believe in their capacity to fend for themselves, they became more than ever economically dependent upon their terrifying northern neighbor.

It was this which, according to Mr. Inman, brought the majority of the Latin-American republics into the League of Nations. Believing that the United States had departed from the original purpose of the Monroe Doctrine and was now using it as a cloak for its own selfish purposes, they saw in President Wilson's proposal to bring the whole world into the agreement a guaranty that they would be protected not only from Europe but from the United States. Had Wilson's policy prevailed, Mr. Inman thinks that it would have been possible to realize the Pan-American ideal, since the Monroe Doctrine would have been relieved of the suspicion that it was a mere cloak for the hegemony of the United States in the Western Hemisphere. But as it was, the Latin republics entered the League only to find that the United States remained outside. Worse still, they discovered that, under an Article added to the Covenant, 'such regional understandings as the Monroe Doctrine' were excluded from its purview. All efforts to persuade the Powers at Geneva to explain what they meant by the Monroe Doctrine were unavailing; the United States was left free to interpret it as it liked; and the last state of the alarmed Latin-American republics was worse than the first. It may be this rather than any sense of wounded dignity which explains the discontent which led to the withdrawal of Brazil from the League.

Mr. Inman, in spite of all that he says in criticism of the Latin-American peoples, rightly has a great faith in the future of their countries. No one visiting these countries, indeed, can fail to be impressed with their inexhaustible natural resources. In spite of the floods of capital which have poured into the continent, its surface has

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hardly been scratched, and the unexploited wealth is so great that there is scope for all the money and all the energy that Europe and America can spare for its development. Yet, if British enterprise is to hold its own in this vast field, it will need all its vigilance. The moral of Mr. Inman's book, however, is that it would be wise to adhere to its sound tradition of not relying on government support. Here and there, as in the case of the oil concessions in Colombia and Ecuador, it may have to yield a great opportunity to the pressure of the State Department at Washington; but in general the preference of the Latin-Americans for dealing with the British is due to the knowledge that in their case the flag does not follow the trade. It was not the State Department that prevented British merchants from capturing the great trade opened up in Colombia by the money poured into the country by the Standard Oil Company. It was the great strike in England.

The Social and Economic History of the Roman Empire, by M. Rostovtzeff. Oxford: The Clarendon Press; New York: Oxford University Press, American Branch, 1926. $15.00.

[Arnold J. Toynbee in *The Nation and the Athenæum*]

Briefly, Professor Rostovtzeff's thesis is this: The Roman Empire was an embodiment of Græco-Roman civilization, and it stood or fell by the two fundamental institutions of that civilization — the self-governing 'city state,' and the 'philosopher king' (whose function was to link the city states with one another, somewhat as the British Crown links the self-governing communities of the British Commonwealth). The Roman Empire — carrying on a process which had run through Græco-Roman history since the first outburst of Greek colonization in the eighth century B.C. — actively promoted the propagation of city states and the creation of an urban bourgeoisie in its outlying provinces in the remoter hinterlands of the Mediterranean Sea, into which Græco-Roman civilization had not previously penetrated. The city state was the vehicle of Græco-Roman culture, and these new centres of the institution were so many stimuli introduced into a sluggish society of barbarians. At the same time, the city state was a costly institution, and the new centres were created and maintained at the expense of the provincial barbarians whom they were intended to civilize. At first the stimulating effect outbalanced the economic burden, and the general culture and prosperity of the Empire increased; but during the second century after Christ the balance turned, and the city-state bourgeoisie became an incubus upon the mass of peasants on whose shoulders the burden of the institution lay. Had the army remained in the hands of the bourgeoisie, a social revolution might have been averted, though there would inevitably have been an economic decline. It was one of the fundamental traditions of the city states that the propertied classes bore arms, and this tradition had been restored by Augustus in the Roman Army after the civil wars of the first century B.C. In the second century after Christ, however, the bourgeoisie — even in the new foundations — had become too unwarlike and too weak economically to provide the Empire with its soldiers. Marcus Aurelius had been compelled to carry on his wars of defense with an army of conscripted peasants, for whom the city state was the symbol of oppression. In the third century, the peasant army discovered its power, and 'the peasants and soldiers' attacked and destroyed the bourgeois cities. With the bourgeoisie, Græco-Roman culture disappeared, and the way was made straight for Orientalism.

That has happened over again in Russia. Whether it will also happen in the homelands of modern bourgeois civilization is another question.

Collected Poems, by Æ. London and New York: Macmillan, 1926. $3.75.

[*Observer*]

'Æ's' *Collected Poems,* first published in 1913 and thrice reprinted as they stood, were 'reprinted with additions' in 1919 — the additions including poems that had their origin in the war. Once again reprinted in 1920, the book now appears in what is styled a 'second edition,' containing a new section of no fewer than forty-five poems. One may note in these some slight breaking away from the familiar simple metres and rhythms to which this poet had always been constant. Yet, after reading and reading, those lyrics which seem most characteristic and excellent in this new installment are old as the hills in the pattern of their verse. This, for instance: —

I love to think this fragrant air
I breathe in the deep-bosomed night
Has mixed with beauty, and may bear
The burden of a heart's delight.
This may have been the burning breath
That uttered Deirdre's love. It may
Have been a note outlasting death
As Sappho sang her heart away.

That is not novel — but it is new, for it has fresh life in it; and here as everywhere in 'Æ's' work there is the essential stuff of poetry. These lyrics utter moods of his — sometimes of pessimism, as in 'Mirage,' with its lovely words to describe love's illusion: —

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From memories and hauntings
Through breathings of sweet air
On brow, in eyes and tresses,
Was set the tender snare,
All phantom of the deep content
The heart engendered there.

Or, again, in 'The Eternal Lovers,' who 'hold their court within the heart of man and maid': —

When King and Queen feast in the heart
They squander all the gold of years
To make their banquet gay, then leave
A ruined heart, a house of tears.

Or, again, it may be a mood of his optimism, as in 'Michael,' the poem about a Donegal lad who fell on the barricades in Easter Week 1916: —

The slayer and the slain may be
Knit in a secret harmony.

. . . . . .

So it may be that Michael died
For some far other countryside
Than that gray Ireland he had known,
Yet on his dream of it was thrown
Some light from that consuming Fire
Which is the end of all desire.
If men adore It as the power
Empires and cities, tower on tower,
Are built in worship by the way
High Babylon or Nineveh —
Seek It as love, and there may be
A Golden Age and Arcady.
All shadows are they of one thing
To which all life is journeying.

It is easy to say that this runs too easily; that it lacks concentration and lacks clearness — a lack emphasized by the further lack of punctuation. But when these things are said, we remain in the presence of a poet about whose quality there is no question.

The Silver Spoon, by John Galsworthy. London: William Heinemann; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1926. $2.00.

[*Manchester Guardian*]

Mr. Galsworthy's novel should be a popular success, for it has a topical interest; in effect it is a denunciation of a phase, a section, of London society. It is a rotten society with a few of the just struggling for the world's salvation, and the issue is, of course, left doubtful. Perhaps Mr. Galsworthy will give us an expression of his faith in the next book, for the present one, it seems, is the second of a trilogy that began with *The White Monkey.* The times of the great Forsytes are over, they are dispersed and dwindling, and Soames is a pathetic survival. There is life in him yet, and he is still attached beautifully to his daughter Fleur, that reprehensible young woman who is yet worth saving. It is Fleur's trumpery quarrel with another young woman which expands into the theme of the story. There is a row, an action for slander, a miserable complication of intrigue. Both sides would like to end it, but they are as powerless as the opponents in an industrial dispute. 'Who cares what one is? It's what one's labeled,' says Fleur. The other woman — 'Disciple of Joy, in the forefront of modern mockery' — is not beyond the range of Mr. Galsworthy's inveterate sympathy, and he finds, even for her, some vestiges of a faith: 'Not to let a friend down; not to give a man away; not to funk; to do things differently from other people; to be always on the go; not to be "stuffy"; not to be dull.'

The case comes into court, and it is, in effect, a discussion on public morality in terms of personal antagonisms. The cross-examination is of the 'masterly' kind, and if the better side wins it is a pretty scurvy side. Mr. Galsworthy makes it all very readable, and there is great ingenuity of indictment; it is a good ironic turn when society resents the suggestion of moral superiority and deserts the victors. The whole book is planned as an ironic picture of human activities 'signifying nothing.' The well-meaning, good fellow, Fleur's husband, has a political creed as well as a kind heart, and perhaps Mr. Galsworthy will permit us to hope that he and his sort may at last make some impression on our frivolous immobility. The book is serious and it is cynical. It is written by a good Englishman who is also a satirist. There is much that is witty and apt, and you might see Mr. Galsworthy as a grave man who has been among these clever people and can play them at their own game. This is one of the most effective of his books and one of the least impressive. The authentic Galsworthy emerges sometimes and there are some echoes; there is a relation which dimly suggests the 'Indian summer of a Forsyte.' But the Forsytes are fading away, and soon they will be lost in the whirl of things. The record cannot be carried much further. Soames is off, gallantly, for a tour round the world with the disgruntled Fleur. He can hardly last beyond the end of the next book, and when Soames is gone we may turn to other interests.

Jill, by E. M. Delafield. London: Hutchinson and Company. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[*Saturday Review*]

Miss Delafield's latest book is a study in disreputability. *Jill,* — or, to give her her full name,

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Jacqueline Morrell, — the heroine, touches a great deal of pitch without being defiled; she is a Constant Nymph hedged about by constant nymphomaniacs, her mother Pansy and her 'guardian' or producer, Doreen Galbraith. Then there are Mr. Howard Henry Maxted, company promoter and 'protector' of Pansy, and Jack, Doreen's husband, devitalized, a victim of the war, who has never been a man since he laid down his arms. Miss Delafield describes with great gusto the hand-to-mouth existence of the Jack Galbraiths in their Kensington hotel, their miserable dependence on the charity of acquaintances, their spiritless, forlorn efforts to make both ends meet. How they envy their wealthy, prosperous cousins, the Oliver Galbraiths, who never drink cocktails and are friends with Lord and Lady Bradfield! But in that noble family there is also a rift, which will gape to the public stare as soon as Lady Maura is settled in life. But Lady Maura shows no aptitude or inclination for settling.

Unrest is the keynote of the book. Only Mrs. Oliver Galbraith, kind, conventional, complacent, is safe. 'We have breakfast at nine,' she says, 'so if you ring us up any time after that it will be all right.' She alone has regular hours, and makes reasonable and regular demands upon life. Miss Delafield has drawn her often before, unkindly underlining her complacency and latent Philistinism. In *Tension* one of her predecessors was always yearning for 'a draught of cool blue distance.'. An inspired spitefulness was the leaven of Miss Delafield's early books; to mete out even justice to her characters, as she does here, goes against the grain. Her pats and caresses are far less effectual than her scratches. The first hundred pages of *Jill* are not unworthy of her; there is something impressive in her impartial treatment of post-war types; she startles us by being tolerant just where we should expect her to be censorious. She allows her characters a long length of rope and still refuses to hang them. But at heart Miss Delafield is essentially a moralist; we expect her to strain the quality of mercy, and when she defers judgment we are disappointed. We cannot take more than a cursory interest in the version of love's young dream which effects the regeneration and the reanimation of Jack Galbraith and brings the story to a somewhat sugary close. Perhaps no living novelist could have achieved the delicate malice which underlies Mrs. Oliver Galbraith's recommendation to Jill of the hostel for young ladies in Cavendish Square. It had 'a library entirely for the use of the girls, another room where they could see their friends . . . such lovely flowers everywhere, and a really pretty dining-room, all little tables, like a restaurant.' But any novelist could and would have made Jill elope with Jack; and the book's distinction of detail is somehow compromised by the commonplaceness of its general design. And — a small point — Miss Delafield makes all her modern young women talk alike: they employ a lowest common denominator of speech, which is meant to be downright, but succeeds too often in being merely ugly and uncharacteristic.

The Comedians, by Louis Couperus. London: Jonathan Cape, 1926. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[*Daily Telegraph*]

It is always the custom of the Dutch novelist, Louis Couperus, to fill his stage with characters and properties, and in this romance of Rome under the Emperor Domitian he has a theme after his own heart. His scene is like the studio of Alma-Tadema; every detail is conscientiously reproduced; the lights and shades are ingeniously contrasted. The page is studded with Latin terms, for which the general readers will probably be compelled from time to time to consult the glossary at the end; but the inquisitive mind, which likes to be instructed in its hours of entertainment, will find here plentiful opportunity for imbibing the atmosphere of Imperial Rome.

For M. Couperus does this sort of thing extremely well, with an ebullient realism which will not be denied. The principal characters are twin brothers of about sixteen years old, the illegitimate children of a Roman lady of high birth, who are engaged as actors of female character in a traveling comedy company, which plays the favorite pieces of Plautus and Terence. The company comes to Rome, and is soon engulfed in the intellectual life of the city. The boys meet Pliny, Juvenal, and Martial, receive gifts at their hands, and are privileged to see them at work upon their masterpieces. The spectacle of Martial laboriously composing five 'impromptu' epigrams on his way to the palace opens the eyes of youth to the secrets of authorship. They perform before the Emperor, and one of them is brought face to face with Saint John the Evangelist, who refreshes his anxiety with words of comfort. They are also 'in at the death' of Domitian. Altogether, M. Couperus offers a characteristically crowded canvas, and makes the world of his imagination historically convincing and educational. If it were not for certain 'purplish' passages, the story would make good reading for schoolboys. As it is, their pastors and masters will probably prefer to keep it to themselves.

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OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

Scientific Palmistry, by Noel Jaquin. New York: George H. Doran Company, 1926. $2.50.

We are called upon to believe so many things nowadays that most of us have not a large enough reserve supply of faith to nourish us into acceptance of palmistry. Yet the palmist, like the psalmist, dates back to long before Darwin's day, and it is not impossible that his delightful practices will be in vogue long after hormones and Nordics are forgotten. Readers of Cheiro's *Language of the Hand* will not find in Mr. Jaquin's less flowery treatise some of the elegancies that delighted Oscar Wilde's contemporaries. All that this author claims is that an intelligent person who grasps the very simple principles that he has very clearly set forth can tell certain important aspects of his subject's general character and health, and frequently reveal priceless bits of information about his personality. One naturally takes him more seriously than one would Clarence Darrow, Lothrop Stoddard, or a handful of similar necromancers in whom many sensible folk implicitly believe. The point, however, is not how strictly accurate Mr. Jaquin's methods are; it is rather how much entertainment he provides, and on that score we give him a high mark.

The Gypsy Patteran. Edited with an Introduction and Glossary by Joseph Ellner. New York: Bernard G. Richards, 1926. $2.00.

Readers of the *Living Age*, especially if they are old Borrovians, will find much to tickle their fancy here. Mr. Ellner has collected a group of stories about gypsies written by authors of many nationalities — Russian, English, Spanish, French, Swedish, Hungarian, Rumanian. There are Slovak Methuselahs, a Gypsy Christ, and one aristocratic character called Sotony. The casual reader who vaguely wants 'something different' may find this too genuinely exotic, but those who are really interested in the subject will eat the book up. There is a helpful glossary of gypsy words in the back.

Critical Essays, by Osbert Burdett. New York: Henry Holt and Company, 1926. $2.00.

Mr. Burdett writes well about interesting subjects. The book opens with an excellent little study of Hawthorne. The second paper, on George Meredith, is not so good. Since the author is English, we have to put up with two perfectly serious essays, one on the poetry of Alice Meynell, the other on the art of Mr. Chaplin. The old goddesses die hard in the Mother Country, and the new gods are not recognized as soon as they might be. Also one's toes rather curl up at such statements as this: 'The novelist [Meredith] was primarily a poet whose prose was so surcharged with the substance of poetry that language struggled and fretted with its weight.' Again, in the Meredith essay Mr. Burdett announces that 'as a rule only authors who have little originality can be read on their first appearance with absolute ease.' Yet Meredith becomes more and more unreadable from year to year, whereas free-verse poets who describe the mood of a man in a bathtub, and of whom Mr. Burdett disapproves, find wider and wider audiences. But such inconsistencies are only the sign of an active mind, and the essays on Oscar Browning, Peacock, and John Gay are well worth the price of admission.

The Birth of the Gods, by Dmitri S. Merezhkovsky. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, 1926. $2.00.

Devotees of Russian literature, after the first flush of conquest has subsided, turn to the works of Merezhkovsky with slight disappointment, for the so-called morbidness of the great Slavic masters is not in him. He has chosen historical fiction for his province — a most difficult milieu, and one that should perhaps never be entered upon. Yet there are many who find an imaginary picture of ancient Crete more entrancing than relatively accurate accounts of real life in that brilliant period. Not only does the action of this novel take place in Crete, but the character of old King Tut is thrown in for good measure. He appears in the Minoan court after a very uneasy sea voyage, and is shocked to death at the way his highly civilized hosts carry on. The hero is a traveling salesman for a big syndicate of iron people in Ur, and the heroine is a priestess. To say that love-making was a difficult assignment in ancient Crete is putting it mildly, and one sets down the book with the conviction that the iron people in Ur will have a married man cover the Minoan territory next time.

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The Smoking Leg, by John Metcalfe. Garden City: Doubleday, Page and Company, 1926. $2.00.

IMAGINATION is not enough; the successful teller of short stories must have a large bag of literary tricks, if not literary skill, as well. Mr. Metcalfe gives us an assortment of short stories varying from the gruesome to the sordid. The opening and title piece is purely fantastic — it takes place in India and all over the Seven Seas. Others, such as 'The Sister Speaks,' might be a collaboration between O. Henry and Arnold Bennett. Mr. Metcalfe is partial to the seamy side of life, but he has not learned how to set off his firecrackers with a bang.

The Student's History of Ireland, by Stephen Gwynn. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1925. $4.50. Students' Edition, $2.00.

HISTORIES and studies of Ireland have been appearing in unusual numbers during the last few years. The basis of the present volume is, of course, the author's *History of Ireland* published in 1923, but his volume in the Modern World series is witness to his enthusiasm not only for the past but also for the future of Ireland. For those who wish a detailed history, Sir James O'Connor's new work is available, but the average man will find this *Student's History* quite sufficient for his purposes. Written with the desire always to avoid offense and to see the best, Mr. Gwynn's volume is if anything a little harsh toward England — a fault which is understandable, and in some ways desirable. His opinion of the great influence which the Irish-Americans were able to exert in their native country may be challenged, but it is a small point in a work of so admirable a quality.

The Face of Silence, by Dhan Gopal Muckerji. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, 1926. $3.00.

RAMA KRISHNA, a holy man who literally practised what he preached, lived in India during the middle of the last century. By birth a Brahman, he came, as his spiritual life blossomed, to the point where he realized that every religion leads to God, by one path or another. By the power of his example and teaching he drew followers from every walk of life, and at his death left behind him a devoted band who followed along the path which he had trod. His was no facile eclecticism, no novel teaching: it was the translation of age-old doctrine into terms of daily practice which marked Rama Krishna as a pre-eminent religious teacher. The Westerner finds it hard to grasp the all-pervading sense of God which is natural to the Indian. Mr. Muckerji by his mastery of lovely English prose is among the few who can bring some idea of this overpowering reality home to Occidental readers. His reverent treatment of a beautiful life is highly reminiscent of L. Adams Beck's life of the Buddha. The mind which demands logical proof as a prerequisite of belief will be sorely tempted to capitulate before the charm and intense humanity of *The Face of Silence.*

If I Were a Labor Leader, by Sir E. J. P. Benn. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1926. $1.75.

THE author of *Confessions of a Capitalist* began life as a poor man, which may account for his amazing ability when he states the case for capitalism. In the present small volume he places himself in the position of a trade-unionist to whom the recent general strike has given cause for serious thought, and discusses in nontechnical language the whole question of industrial relations. Avowedly a believer in the capitalistic system, he is convinced that the great body of British workingmen have no real interest in socialistic and revolutionary ideas, but through apathy have allowed demagogues to gain control of the unions. His comparison of British manufacturing methods with those of America — and he hits employer and employee alike — is by no means favorable to the former. He would like to see the American system of high wages and efficient methods introduced in England, and believes this to be both necessary and possible. This is the first book to discuss the genesis and lessons of the general strike, and is a real contribution to the thorny question of industrial relations in England.

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DISCRETION AND INDISCRETION

THE French middle class speaks in the following unsigned letter from a reader of *Le Figaro:* —

'In my daughter's portfolio I found a pencil made in New York. Yesterday my hatter put on my head a felt imported directly from England. My tailor swore by the gods that the cloth he was going to use was all of English manufacture. My haberdasher extolled a pair of men's garters that came straight from Boston [*sic*]. This same fellow recommended the latest style of detachable collar, which had come right from Holland. My bootmaker urgently advised me to use on my evening shoes a polish made in America, since it would give me the greatest satisfaction. A few days ago one of my friends came to pay a call on me in a superb American automobile, mounted on American tires. It appears that this has now become the height of snobbishness. My barber never fails to praise a famous American razor and a no less celebrated English shaving soap.

'Why should we pay a great price in dollars and pounds for what we ourselves make so well in France?'

* * *

I have made the admission more than once that of all the women in the world the women of America always appeal most strongly to my attention. I have, I believe, for many years vainly attempted to get into the minds of my countrymen the idea that the American woman is a unique specimen of her sex, standing in temperament, in conditions, in outlook, apart from her sister in other nations.

— *T. P. O'Connor*

* * *

Since the war ended, hardly has the public pulse been stirred so profoundly as by this unforgettable match in which the best cricketers of England and Australia, in Stevenson's phrase, 'came nobly to the grapple.'

— The *Morning Post* in a leading editorial

* * *

I also never discuss anything except politics and religion. There is nothing else to discuss.

— *G. K. Chesterton*

* * *

The joyous arrival in France of the Sultan of Morocco and then of the Bey of Tunis to inaugurate the Paris mosque is a solemn event which Islam can contemplate with sympathy, and whence the Republic can draw important political benefit. But the departure in silence and sorrow of the Emir of the Rif is perhaps a more solemn event in the eyes of the Mussulman world, and it constitutes for France a moral deficit of the gravest sort. — *La Tribune d'Orient*

* * *

The Englishman is a spendthrift for himself, but economical when it is a question of public moneys. — *Joseph Caillaux*

* * *

For nearly fifty years I have lived in the midst of coal miners, and there is no finer body of men in the country. — *The Duke of Portland*

* * *

The majority of people lost Hell forty years ago, and Heaven ten years later, and have not put anything in their place.

— *Dr. Russell Maltby*

* * *

No Church that has had the power but has piled up property while preaching poverty.

— *R. B. Cunninghame Graham*

* * *

I should like teachers to impress upon children the injunction, 'Beware the firms who spoil the face of England.' — *Fred Richards*

* * *

It is my conclusion that were all incomes over two hundred and fifty pounds a year pooled it would not give each family more than five shillings a week. — *Sir Josiah Stamp*

* * *

In addition to being the most hospitable people in the world, the Americans are also the most polite. — *Ethel Mannin*

* * *

The man who is a great statesman begins by being a great statesman in his own life.

— *Ramsay MacDonald*

* * *

This is what I want — a month of watching cricket. — *Stanley Baldwin*

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—And Anyone Who Has Ever Lived in a Small Town Will Want to Read "Leaves From a Country Doctor's Notebook" by N. D. Marbaker, in Which a New Author Introduces a New Form of Fiction, Packing Five Vivid Short Stories into the Space of One. It is in the October Scribner's Magazine.

"The Triumph of Applesauce" by Hendrik Willem van Loon leads the number. It is a saucy championship of youth and its slang.

Edward W. Bok on his nightingale importation experiment and Will Rose on the passing country store are other features of the October Scribner's Magazine.

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